

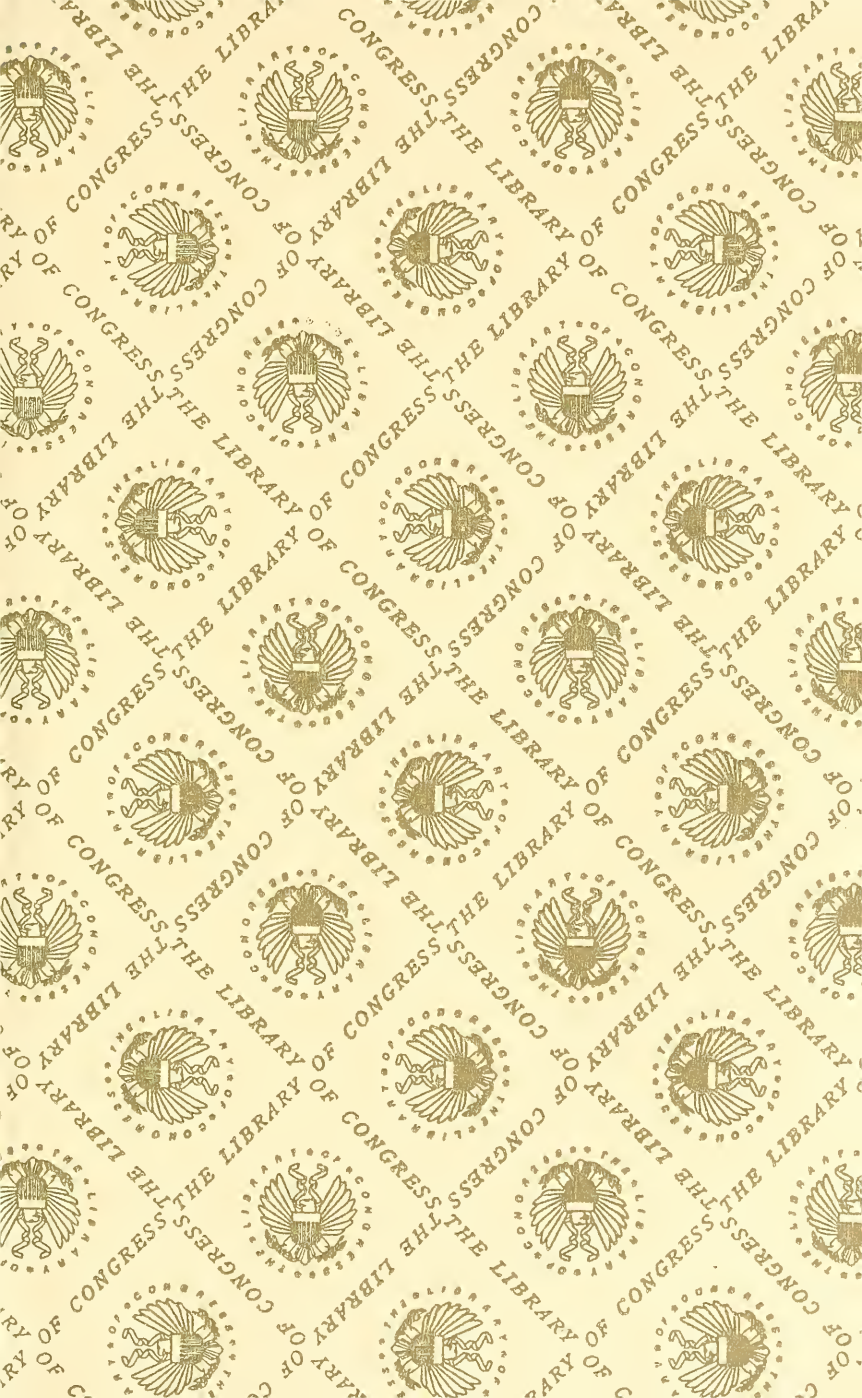
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SAILING SUNNY SEAS

A STORY OF TRAVEL

IN

Jamaica	Honolulu
Haiti	Santo Domingo
Porto Rico	St. Thomas
Dominica	Martinique
Trinidad and the	West Indies

With Copyright Illustrations

by

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

CHICAGO

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY

1909

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PROLOGUE

We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If Summer days invite or bleak winds blow.
What matters it if we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our
weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare;
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.
For us life always moves with lilting measure;
We two, we two, we make our world, our
pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown
glory.
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like Hope, Time leads us on and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

SAILING SUNNY SEAS

"Were it not for the Star-in-the-East, we would take a little voyage to Cuba; but as it is, I suppose it would not be wise."

It was Himself who spoke, long and long ago; in the late glow of a honeymoon two full years and more old, and bright with the added light of a newly risen Star-in-the-East.

Now I had never journeyed farther than from the middle West to the Atlantic Coast, and south to Florida, and this suggestion of a sea voyage to summer lands and foreign shores fell like the call of a robin in mid-winter, on my ears. Himself had but given utterance to a passing thought, but he was forced into serious consideration of the voyage by my persistence.

Consulting Those-Who-Are-Supposed-To-Know, he was told to gratify my desire. "She is young and robust and the voyage will do her good, since she longs for it," they said wisely.

And so it happened that on a snowy day in February, Himself and I set forth on a none too large steamship, from the port of New York, bound for the harbor of Havana, on my first

ocean voyage. A gay party of interested friends saw us off, and our cabin was filled with fruits and flowers and books and magazines, when we reached it.

Those five days on shipboard were marred by only a few hours of indisposition. The memory of that brief period of discomfort is gone, but the happy excitement of the other hours and days of that first sea voyage remains, to be called again to mind when recollection wills.

Strangely enough I do not remember one fellow voyager, or how many or how few there were. But I recall the kind solicitude of the good stewardess who made me her special care, and the watchful tenderness and hardly concealed anxiety in the eyes of Himself, I still see.

One morning from my berth I heard Himself call my name. "See your scarf hanging by the porthole," he said. "It is carrying on a dangerous flirtation with the wind. He is telling it to come out and see the world, and not hide itself in this small cabin. I think I will save the poor thing before it goes to its ruin." And he reached for my pretty blue scarf and saved it from being blown out to sea.

That afternoon while he was playing a game of cards in the smoking room, I sat in the ladies' cabin and turned into verse his pretty conceit—of the "Sea Breeze and the Scarf."

THE SEA BREEZE AND THE SCARF

Hung on the casement that looked o'er the main,
Fluttered a scarf of blue,
And a gay, bold breeze paused to flatter and tease
This trifle of delicate hue.

"You are lovelier far than the proud skies are,"
He cried with a voice that sighed;
"You are fairer to me than the beautiful sea,
Oh, why do you stay here and hide?

"You are wasting your life in that dull, dark room;
(And he fondled her silken folds)
"O'er the casement lean, but a little, my queen,
And see what the great world holds.

"How the wonderful blue of your matchless hue
Cheapens both sea and sky.
You are far too bright to be hidden from sight:
Come fly with me, darling, fly!"

Tender his whisper and sweet his caress,
Flattered and pleased was she;
The arms of her lover lifted her over
The casement out to the sea.

Close to his breast she was fondly pressed,
Kissed once by his laughing mouth—
Then dropped to her grave in the cruel wave,
While the wind went whistling south!

However slight their claim to literary excellence, these verses have always been dear to me from their association.

The approach to Havana occurred in the morning, and the sight of Moro Castle, and the white walls of the city in the background, with a blue, blue sea in the foreground and the yellow tropic sunshine over it all, affected me like a strong wine; I was dizzy with excitement and joy.

I had dreamed that I might sometime see such places, and one dream—my first sea dream—had come true. Born and bred on a Wisconsin prairie, I loved the sea as only inland and mountain born souls can love it.

My month in Havana is a mingled memory of mental exaltations and physical discomforts. Cuba was suffering under Spanish misrule at that time, and had only dreamed of freedom, while it had reached a point of audible discontent, the beginning of insurrection.

The hotels were dirty and ill kept; the beds, instruments of torture; the food a menace to health. But I bore all these miseries with the courage of youth and enthusiasm, because I

was charmed with the climate, with the quaint narrow streets and odd little shops, and with the beautiful faces under lace mantillas peeping from behind mysterious "jealousies"; and the naked little children playing in the streets, clothed only in shoes and innocence, fascinated me.

One day of that month stays like a distinct picture on the somewhat denuded walls of that room in the mansion of memory; one of those simple, uneventful experiences which will sometimes haunt the heart to the end of life.

We took a car and went along the sea front, to a wonderful little rustic cafe, an arbor of vines growing over trees. And there we ordered refreshments and sat long over cooling ices and talked of the days when the Star-in-the-East would become a brilliant fixed planet; and something fell on my hand and I was startled, seeing my first chameleon—a pretty little lizard—gazing at me with bright round eyes. In after years I grew to love this animal and to regard it as my benefactor, especially in Honolulu, where it is a foe to mosquitoes.

Then there was another day when we went out and saw the one kind act to animals in Cuba; the bathing of the work horses in the sea. A stalwart man bestrode the leader, and rode bravely into the water, leading a chain

of twenty or more, until all were swimming and snorting in the salt billows. Poor beasts, it was their few brief minutes of respite from hours of misery and abuse. Everywhere I had to shut my eyes in Cuba to escape the sight of cruelty to animals.

One night we visited the Chinese theatre and sat in a box reserved for strangers.

We did not, naturally, understand the Chinese language; yet the play was so realistic that it was impossible to miss the story. Indeed its realism savored of the Clynic; and was so frank and undisguised that Himself blushed (the first and last and only time I ever knew it to happen!)

Then one day he left me in the hotel to write letters, and said he would be gone several hours. When he came back he was white and ill, and the look in his eyes was one of mingled humiliation and pain.

"I was persuaded against my will," he said, "to go and witness a bull fight. I stayed but a few moments, perhaps a half hour, but it was a half hour among devils in hell. I cannot bear to think of it. It is incredible that such cruelty can interest men and women. They say it is greatly patronized here by tourists, American and English. I feel ashamed that any of my time and money went to the

support of such a monstrous relic of barbarism."

Four years after the Spanish war we visited Havana again. What a change!

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had been established and the bull fight was forbidden by law.

The streets were cleaner; better buildings were replacing the old ones; the hotels were neat and well kept, the beds comfortable, the food excellent. The work of that great man and martyr to duty, Colonel Waring, was everywhere evident in the freedom from dirt and disease which Havana enjoyed for a season under American management.

But alas! with the advance of cleanliness and comfort, much of the picturesque had receded. The mantilla had given place to the plumed and flowered New York hat, and the distinctive beauty of the Cuban and Spanish type was frequently hidden and disfigured by the dreadful commonplaceness of the American shirt waist costume.

The American visitor was not received with graciousness in Cuba at the time of our second visit, 1904. At this time I wrote of the conditions existing there as follows:

"That Americans are unpopular in Cuba, he who runs may read. In hotels, in public con-

veyances, in the shops, one may see it and hear it and feel it illustrated daily. The more educated and cultivated the Cuban, the more refined and subtle his methods of showing his disapproval; the more ignorant, the more unveiled and outspoken his dislike.

“In public places the Cuban man regards the American woman with a certain insolent familiarity of glance; the Cuban woman’s expression is critical and often contemptuous, and the children on the streets are not infrequently openly disagreeable. There is a certain condescension of manner in the hotel and shop attendants toward the Americans that is hard to bear and impossible to resent—particularly so, as not one native born and bred Cuban in ten speaks one word of English.

“Sojourning in a hotel which has been packed all winter with Americans, I find not one waiter who knows what the word *orange* means and not one chamberman (for there are no chambermaids) who understands the word *bath*, or *laundry*. An interpreter is sent for regularly, each time these words are employed. In the shops it is the same. Unlike the native French, the Spaniard or Cuban does not seem able to translate gesticulations. He is absolutely incapable of grasping your meaning unless you speak the Spanish tongue.

"A gentleman who speaks six different languages fluently told me this morning that he was in absolute despair regarding the business projects which brought him here from Europe. 'It is necessary for me to visit many places and see many business men,' he said, 'and invariably I must seek an interpreter. Rarely do I find an establishment where any language save Spanish is understood.' The unpopularity of Americans, I am told, is largely due to the conduct of our soldiers stationed here during and after the Spanish War. One battalion particularly, composed of the riff-raff of the States, in its rank and file, insulted Cuban women, and was so continuously and persistently obnoxious to the citizens in its utter lack of decency that an impression of American manners was made upon the Havana mind which will require more than a decade to eradicate.

"Naturally, the more intelligent and cultivated the Cuban man or woman, the broader the view and the better the understanding of the situation. I have encountered a few residents of Havana, who realize and appreciate the debt all Cuba owes America, and who know how unjust it is to judge an entire country by a regiment or battalion of its soldiers. But the tourist here is, nevertheless, made to suffer daily and hourly annoyances from the depredations and misdemeanors

of that much glorified and vaunted being—the American soldier!”

One night a party of us drove through the streets where law permits immorality to dwell unmolested.

Often I have heard the question discussed among people interested in the welfare of the human race:

Whether it was better to set apart a portion of the city for the occupancy of women of open immorality, or whether the interests of the race were better served by driving them from house to house, and temporarily purifying a neighborhood only to have the vice plague break out anew in another locality.

Since this old social evil has, like leprosy, found no cure yet in the history of the world, which is the wiser treatment to follow?

But after that night's drive through the streets of Magdalens in Havana, I have never in my own mind lacked an answer.

No words can describe the sickening horror and profound sadness of a community of abandoned women, shameless, and unafraid of police interference, sitting in open doors and windows like human spiders in their webs, waiting for the passing fly. Little girls scarcely in their teens, brazen with sin; faded and battered old creatures, simulating a gayety

they could not feel; and all along the narrow street, block upon block of small houses on either side crowded together filled with these wretched and depraved beings lost to ideals of love, wifehood, and motherhood, thinking only of selling themselves to the highest bidder.

What vibrations of sin, sickness and despair, of animal passion, jealousy and greed, must go forth from such a centre as that! Better a thousand times to scatter such a population over larger space, to compel it to hide its face, and dissipate its strength by moving from house to house and from neighborhood to neighborhood, than permit it to gather evil force in such a community.

Less horrible and less saddening was the visit we paid one day to the Leper Hospital in Havana.

All my early ideas of that dread malady were changed by the experience of talking with nurses, doctors, and attendants who had taken care of lepers for many years.

Leprosy is not a contagious disease like smallpox or scarlet fever. Its infection must enter the blood through carelessness or lack of cleanliness before it can be contracted. Among those who had performed the laundry work for the lepers of Havana for fifteen years, no case of infection had occurred. Antiseptics and

scrupulous care were used, and the same rule was observed by the nurses. What a misfortune that fear and unkindness are cultivated in human nature by ignorance of facts like these.

An average of 99 people in 100 in America think of a leper as a creature whose very presence contaminates the air; as one who must be kept at a distance and fed through iron bars. There are few records of cruelty extant (since the days of Salem witchcraft superstition) more shameful than that of the treatment accorded a poor wretched leper in 1905 who endeavored to travel from Mexico to New York, in order to sail for his home in Syria.

He was thrust from trains, driven into fields, and pursued like a savage wild beast or dangerous cobra, and all this in a Christian land by Christian people!

The death of good Father Damien on the Lepers Island of Molakai, from leprosy, did much to still further incite fear in the public mind of the contagious nature of the disease. But while in Honolulu I learned the details of this case. Father Damien was a great, good, unselfish soul; but he was a man of careless personal habits, untidy in his clothing, and often neglectful of his bath. Living among the lepers as he did, and ministering to their bodily

as well as spiritual needs, it was not strange that his careless habits caused the dread malady to bring an untimely end to his noble career.

It was infection, not contagion, however. Father Damien had failed to remember that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and he paid the price of such forgetfulness. The saint, as well as the sinner, suffers the penalty of a broken law of nature. Clean streets, clean homes, clean bodies, clean minds, clean food, clean thoughts and clean aspirations would rid the world of all diseases leprosy included.

But because such a large proportion of the world lacks habitual and systematic cleanliness, lepers and victims of tuberculosis and all other scrofulous maladies should be kept apart from the general world until cured. It is kinder to them and safer for the race. Instead of prison hospitals with small gardens, however, these sad souls should be given a domain as they are in the Hawaiian Islands, where they can experience such comforts and solace as may be found in human companionship, while enjoying the best care of skilled physicians and nurses, to lessen their unutterable misfortune.

One cannot fail to be stirred by the nobility existing in human nature when we see good

men and women devoting their lives to the care of lepers. A sweet woman, "Sister Margaret," had been for fifteen years in the leper hospital of Havana, she told me. It was a joy to her to hear the English language spoken. She was originally from New York, of Irish parentage, a sweet-souled sister of charity.

Of all the shocking and sad sights I saw in that hospital, nothing impressed me so frightfully as a bevy of little children (under twelve years), a sufficient group to form a school, all victims of leprosy. They were laughing and playing, unconscious yet of the horrible destiny which in all probability awaited them, a lingering death in life, death by inches.

The day before my visit a man had died of some sudden malady—pneumonia, I think—who for thirty-four years had been immured in the leper hospital slowly rotting away.

It is fortunate that the minds of the little children I saw there, could not, or did not, draw conclusions from this occurrence of what fate might be theirs through all the years of youth, maturity, and into old age.

Oh, when will science turn its attention to the wonderful hidden secret powers lying unused in the universe, powers which will yet be used to cure all diseases, leprosy included.

That day shall yet come!

"And the Star-in-the-East? It rose only to set: never to shine again on our mortal vision. Yet somewhere in the eternal heavens it glows.

JAMAICA

The great Creator, shaping sun and star,
Heard an archangel speaking thus: "I dreamed
I saw another Paradise afar,
And all about it sapphire waters gleamed."

The Maker smiled. At his divine behest
The angel's dream, like some lush rose un-
curled,
To bloom forever on the warm sea's breast,
The beautiful Jamaica of the world.

JAMAICA

There had been journeys by land and sea to Florida, to New Orleans, to California, to England, France, Belgium and Holland, before the next visit was paid to the West Indies.

The weather was unusually severe and cruel in New York; heavy snows set in early in December, and blizzards and bleak and cold rains alternated for two months, making life for man and beast a continual warfare with the elements.

It was early in February when Himself broke the glad tidings to me, saying, "If you care to go, we will sail next week for a month in Jamaica." I did not know much about Jamaica, only that it was one of the West India Islands under English government; but my pulse leaped at the thought of a voyage into summer lands with Himself, at this time of the year.

He was weary with that incessant battle which our competitive system forces upon men of business; and burdened with those small cares and worries which destroy comfort by day and sleep by night, like the hair shirt of the religious fanatic.

But so soon as the date of our sailing was fixed, and once aboard the "Admiral Schley," plying between Philadelphia and Port Antonio, life assumed for both of us the aspect of a school holiday. It was such a trim little steamer: and our state rooms were cosy, our corner of the deck secluded and restful, and every hour led us farther and farther away from the rigors of the north climate and the realities of practical life.

"Business" became an obsolete word; there was nothing in our present or our immediate future but pleasure and relaxation.

With such a mental atmosphere, and with the staunch little ship plunging forward and over

seas that changed from cold gray to ardent azure and dazzling green, and into tropical warmth, what could one do but sing!

And so these little verselets came to be written and have their place here, in this personal record of southern sea travels, rather than in any book which lays claim to literary merit.

HOLIDAY SONGS

I

Sailing away on a summer sea,
Out of the bleak March weather;
Drifting away for a loaf and play,
Just you and I together;
And it's good-bye worry, and good-bye hurry,
And never a care have we;
With the sea below and the sun above
And nothing to do but dream and love,
Sailing away together.

Sailing away from the grim old town
And tasks the town calls duty;
Sailing away from walls of gray
To a land of bloom and beauty,
And it's good-bye to letters from our lessers and
our betters,

To the cold world's smile or frown.
We sail away on a sunny track
To find the summer and bring it back,
And love is our only duty.

II

Afloat on a sea of passion
Without a compass or chart,
But the glow of your eye shows the sun is high,
By the sextant of my heart.
I know we are nearing the tropics
By the languor that round us lies,
And the smile on your mouth says the course is
south
And the port is Paradise.

We have left gray skies behind us,
We sail under skies of blue;
You are off with me on lover's sea,
And I am away with you.
We have not a single sorrow,
And I have but one fear:
That my lips may miss one offered kiss
From the mouth that is smiling near.

There is no land of winter;
There is no world of care;
There is bloom and mirth all over the earth,
And love, love everywhere.



JAMAICA.

Our boat is the barque of Pleasure,
And whatever port we sight,
The touch of your hand will make the land
The Harbor of Pure Delight.

The good Captain of this little ship was very friendly and social with his guests, and one day we were asked to go on the bridge and watch the taking of the sun by the sextant, a process which had always been a great puzzle to me until that day. And then another little verse came to life—

TAKING THE SUN

Let me take the sun, dear;
Turn your eyes this way.
(Poor the record and the score;
Twenty thousand leagues from shore—
Head winds blow, and skies are gray;
Better luck tomorrow.)

Let me take the sun, dear;
As along we sail.
(Slow the course still seems to be;
Winds abeam, and rough the sea;
And I almost fear a gale;
But, why trouble borrow?)

Let me take the sun, dear,
Lift those eyes of blue;
Ah! at last we're making time;
Winds are fair and waves sublime;
Tropic lands are right in view,
So farewell to sorrow.

When the flying fishes began to leap from the water and soar above the waves in flocks, great excitement prevailed among the passengers; and we two were among the most excited.

We were living in an atmosphere of that wonderful poem of Kipling's, "On the Road to Mandalay."

A fish flew upon the deck and was carried off by one of the crew, and afterward we secured it, all mounted, as a souvenir for our Bungalow-on-the-Sound.

The skies grew more lustrous, the sea more rainbow colored, the sun hotter, and the captain and officers appeared in white duck and the ladies in lawns and straw hats.

Life seemed to have become a June morning in youth for all of us. It was a glorious afternoon when we sailed into the most exquisite harbor on earth—Port Antonio. Indelible is the impression made upon me by that first view, as we anchored in front of the old Titchfield Hotel situated on its noble eminence and surrounded

by royal palms, with the majestic background of the Blue mountains in the distance. There were five distinct colors in the waters of the bay; there was tropical verdure everywhere and summer, and joy, and life was good; yet I grieve to say that we allowed this rapturous state of mind to be sunk in irritation and nervousness over the two hours delay caused by the health officer who had reported a case of sickness in the crew. It was only malaria, but it compelled us all to land in the dark. Perhaps the very late landing gave the greater zest to our morning awakening. Rising at the first break of day to look out of the window, the overwhelming beauty of this tropic scene seemed a compensation for every dark and dreary hour that life had ever known in the past.

The old Titchfield Hotel is now replaced by a more commodious one; the most artistic and restful inn on earth. It is like a quiet wood, through which green roadways lead, always into peaceful nooks. Yet there was an individuality about the old Tichfield which cannot be duplicated. The dining room was built about a mango tree; from whose branches hung luscious fruit; and vines and flowering plants were everywhere visible.

Porcelain baths with hot and cold water were not included in its conveniences, but there was

always the sea, which looked like a monstrous pousse cafe in a coral tub, and the water was always at eighty degrees. A homey air pervaded the hotel, and those days we spent there linger in the memory like a pleasant week end in a hospitable country mansion.

We drove to Blue Hole; ten miles of exquisite panoramas; and there we met Dame Fisher, the notable colored woman who is a prosperous business woman and property holder, and we succeeded in gaining permission to kodak her daughter, famous throughout the island for her beauty. There were drives to Swift River and Moorestown, each more wonderful than the other, and life seemed dyed in opalescent hues; and there was no world of care, and nothing commonplace, from horizon to horizon, or from dawn till dawn.

The market sights at Port Antonio were curious and interesting. The optimistic patience and courage of the peasants seemed pathetic as we saw them in our drives, trudging joyously over twenty miles of mountain and valley to bring a shilling's worth of produce to market; and trudging cheerfully back again at the close of the day, with their small purchases.

They were like children, these Jamaica peasants; and they greeted us always with pleasant words and smiles, and oftentimes tossed bunches of



JAMAICA.



JAMAICA.—GOING TO MARKET.

flowers into our carriage. The tremendous weights they carried on their heads, easily poised, surprised us. Once we saw a medium sized man walking to market with a live hog on his head; the feet tied so he could not move, and the mouth gagged so he could not squeal.

Poor pig! he was like a small manufacturer in the grasp of the trusts; and the same fate, practically, awaited him.

When the month was over, and business again stood in the foreground and sternly beckoned, we went like slaves before a lash, back into the chill weather and the biting winds of March to take up the realities of life again.

As we sailed past the old Hotel Titchfield in mid-afternoon, a group of new-made friends stood on the terrace calling "Good-bye—bon voyage—come again," through the megaphone.

The "Buckman" which bore us away was one of the old "fruiters," badly balanced and poorly provided for the comfort of passengers, and it gave us one of our worst sea experiences. There was scarcely a dozen of us, and Himself and I were almost the only good sailors outside the crew, able to keep other than a horizontal position during the hard five days of huge seas and high winds which we faced in that rolling tub of a boat.

Never was a poem written under more diffi-

cult conditions than "The Problem" which is given below.

Sitting in the room which served as a ladies' cabin I was obliged to tie my limbs about the table leg to keep myself from falling to the floor as the ship lurched from side to side. A few lines of the poem were scratched off as the boat dipped to the left, and the next stanza would find me pitched almost on my back, with the table above me as I completed the line, before the starboard side of the ship came up again.

The writing of the verses proved quite as much of a problem as the subject, which had been suggested by my first close study of the African race.

THE PROBLEM

Out of the wilderness, out of the night,
Has the black man crawled to the dawn of
light.

Beaten by lashes and bound by chains,
A beast of burden with soul and brains,
He has come through sorrow and need and woe,
And the cry of his heart is to know,—to know.

You took his freedom and gave it again
But grudged as you gave it, ye white faced
men.

Not all of freedom is being free
And a dangerous plaything is liberty
For untaught children. In vain do you say:

“We gave what he asked for, place and pay
And right of franchise.” All wrong, all wrong,
He was but a child to be led along
By the hand of love. Has he felt its touch?
Nay, you gave unwisely, and gave too much,
But gave not the things that his groping mind
Was reaching up in the dark to find.

They were love and knowledge. Oh, infinite
Must be the patience that hopes to right
The wrongs that are hoary with age, and
brought
To the level of virtues by mortal thought.
And greater than patience must be the trust
In the ultimate outcome of what is just.
And in and under, and through and above,
Must weave the warp of the purpose of love.

Red with anguish his way has been,
This suffering brother of dusky skin.
For centuries fettered and bound to earth,
Slow his unfolding to freedom's birth.
Slow his rising from burden and ban
To fill the stature of moral man.

You must give him his wings, ere you tell him
to fly,

You must set the example and bid him try.

Let the white man pay for the white man's
crime,

Let him work in patience and bide God's time.

Out of the wilderness, out of the night,

Has the black man crawled to the dawn of
light.

He has come through the valley of great despair,

He has borne what no white man ever can bear;

He has come through sorrow and pain and woe,

And the cry of his heart is to know—to know.

JAMAICA—AGAIN

Four years passed (during which the second trip to Cuba had been made) when we followed the leading of our hearts, and sailed again to Jamaica, this time for the winter.

A wonderful thing had happened. Another dream had come true. "Business," my only rival, was displaced. A life of strenuous labor was rewarded by a season of relaxation.

Oh, the joy of it, as we sailed away on December 20th, knowing that we had the whole beautiful winter ahead of us in summer lands, to dream, rest, saunter, read and write, and do as impulse and fancy willed.

When we reached Port Antonio it was just sunset of a cloudy Christmas day. Over against Blue Mountain Range was piled a bank of purple clouds, changing into splendid gold and red, and dyeing the water of the little bay to a deep rose hue, as we disembarked at the Titchfield pier.

It seemed as it might to a wandering soul reaching Paradise at twilight.

Keeping the memory of the old Titchfield in mind, despite the fact that we knew it was replaced by a new structure, the first experience

in the beautiful new hotel was one of disappointment and disapproval. Where was the old rural simplicity, where was the mango tree growing up in the center of the dining room?

Where were the old "homey" porticos, with neighborlike people sitting about? all lost in splendid spaces of elegance and comfort. We were as unreasonable in our disapproval as the complaining parents of a daughter who comes home from college, a modish and cultured young woman, instead of the shy, awkward girl in calico who went away.

Even after we enjoyed the luxury of a hot bath, and the delicious food served in the spacious treeless dining room, we still lamented the lost old rookery.

In fact, the full appreciation of what this new American hotel meant to tourists in Jamaica, did not come to us until we had made a tour about the island, and returned to finish the season in its comfortable and costly arms. On that return it appeared to me just as it has seemed ever since, a spacious wood, with mottled green roadways leading everywhere into cool grottoes: artistic: restful: delightful.

On New Year day the hotel was crowded, and Jack London and his bright, agreeable young wife were among the guests. We four

—the Londons and Himself and I—went over to the bathing beach for a wonderful swim in water a little too warm to be stimulating, but so beautiful and enticing that it was hard to leave it.

Two days later we were traveling companions for a half day; we on our way to Mon-eague, in the mountains, the Londons setting forth on an equestrian trip across the island.

Admiring the virility and force of Jack London's intellect before meeting him, if not always agreeing with his views of life and humanity, the brief personal acquaintance proved an interesting surprise.

One cannot read London without picturing a man of aggressive and dominating qualities, strong willed and intolerant of the follies and foibles of the conventional world, and of the injustice of accepted industrial conditions.

However these feelings possess him, his charming personality does not betray aggressiveness or intolerance; nor do the lines of his palm indicate that bold defiance of conventions which one associates with him. A boyish face, an almost fragile form, a sensitive nature as delicately tuned as a wind harp, a gentle manner, and a winning magnetism—that is the memory Jack London left with us.

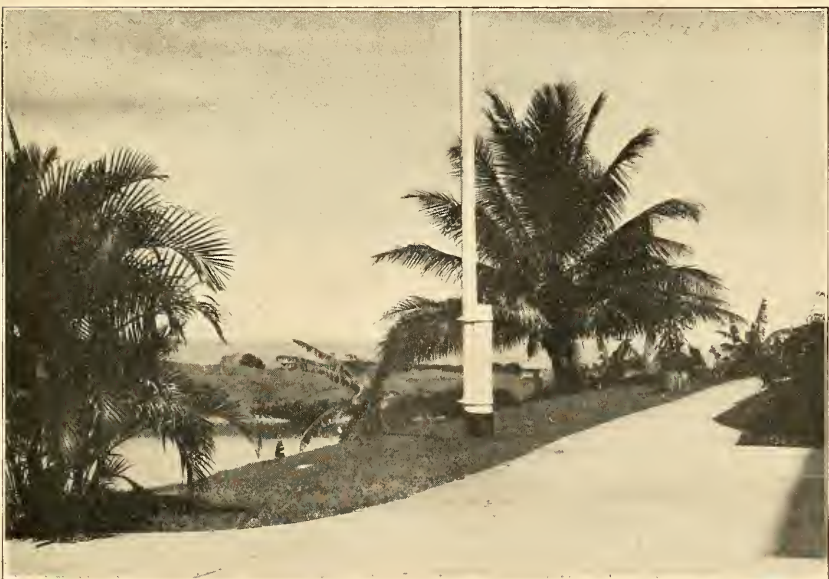
Earnest, honest, heartily alive to the joy of

life, loving the sea with a lover's passion, and happy to eat and sleep in the saddle, he was fortunate in the companionship of a young wife of similar tastes, eager and ready to follow the untrammelled course of life which he had laid out for himself.

Yet they impressed me as imprudent children, who needed a wise guardian, and in Jack London's palm the life line is short; shorter in the right than in the left, too, showing that he is wasting his vital forces. After eight hours in the saddle one day, the Londons came back to the hotel and found us just leaving for the bathing beach. "Oh, wait until we get our suits and go along with you!" cried the impetuous young author. "But," I suggested, "a sea bath,—especially one accompanied with strenuous diving and swimming such as you indulge in,—should not be taken when the nervous system is tired. After eight hours in the saddle in this tropical climate, you must be fatigued." "Not a bit of it," he replied. "We are fresh as the morning." "But maybe we ought to rest a bit before going over to the beach," Mrs. London said. "We will see how we feel after we get to our room." And that evening she confessed to me that they slept two solid hours after removing their riding habits, which proved the fact that they were



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fatigued and needed rest instead of added exercise. I would not like to be obliged to follow an itinerary made out by Jack London. The Londons found their horses waiting for them at Spanishtown, and left us there. We went on to our destination, Moneague, high up the Mount Diablo Range.

It was a ten mile drive after we left the train; a drive of winding ascents and magnificent views, a continually changing kaleidoscope of tropical splendor.

At the summit of one of the highest peaks spread a level plateau surrounded by a gently sloping valley, and beyond this valley in every direction were stately mountain ranges covered with riotous verdure of shaded greens.

The Moneague Hotel stood on this plateau and commanded the superb view and caught the mountain winds from every window and portico.

Here we passed a happy, peaceful month, living on simple country fare, palatable and nutritious, finding excellent service, and enjoying the best sleep imaginable.

Reading and writing, our regular occupations, were varied by drives to points of interest, "The Fern Gully" drive being one of the most memorably beautiful experiences of our lives.

It was our first sight of ferns twenty feet high,

and with leaves many feet in diameter. A trip to Sylvan Falls, too, disclosed scenes of astonishing beauty.

Our mornings were given to books and letters, in our cool roomy apartments, opening out on a vine shaded portico. Many poems for magazines, and many prose articles, were written here. Among them were the following verses of local color:

MONEAGUE

A lovely princess, throned in high estate,
And like a watchful army in command,
The stately mountains round about her stand,
While the four winds of earth upon her wait.
Great orchestra of birds make glad her hours,
And nature brings her gifts of fruits and flowers

OCHO RIOS

So fair this spot, the story of its fame,
Into the still far mountain fastness came.
Eight wondering rivers heard, and sought in glee
This tropic marvel by a sapphire sea.
And, gazing, all went mad with love, men say,
And flung themselves in Ocho Rios Bay.
Now, in the voice of Roaring River Falls,
The mountain fastness for its rivers calls.

BIRDS

At dawn the rainbow colors of the sea
Took sound, and echoed from the great palm tree
Beneath my window, so it seemed to me.
I looked, and saw it was the music spray
A mocking bird gushed out to greet the day.

THE WEATHER

There are just two kinds of weather
On this fair Jamaica Isle:
First the glowing golden sunshine,
That makes all the tourists smile.
Then it rains, and all the planters
Beam with pleasure, and they say,
"It is silver dollar weather
We are having here today."

Every afternoon we walked for an hour or two
along the hard fine roads which lead through
beautiful woodland scenes, and our regret was
that we could not climb the lovely mountain
sides, or wander through the fields.

Knowing that the mongoose (the St. Patrick
of Jamaica) had destroyed all serpents, we
imagined such pedestrian trips would form a

part of our entertainment. But we had counted without the Jamaican pest—the “tick.” This infinitesimal insect inhabits the grass, and is said to be bred by the cattle. Once upon a time it was kept in subjection by the birds which filled the fields and woods of Jamaica, and found the insect a good diet. But the mongoose, imported from East India to destroy rats and serpents, extended his slaughter into the bird kingdom to such an extent that the malicious little “tick” has been enabled to propagate its species, and make life uncomfortable for animals and men who venture into its domain, the grass.

Fortunate for humanity, this insect can neither leap nor fly; and so one who “keeps off the grass” is immune from its persecutions.

In all our walks along the hard white roads, I became the victim of only one “tick.”

But an English lady who had not been warned, and who climbed an attractive looking hillside the day after her arrival, was obliged to lie in bed with bandaged limbs for more than a week.

This vicious speck of animal life is smaller than the smallest atom of black pepper; and attached to a human foot or ankle, it proceeds to bore under the cuticle and hide itself; and unless immediately removed (a difficult process) it produces angry swelling and intolerable itching.

Afflicted in this manner one day, and unable to

detect the slightest sign of an insect, I was convinced by my chambermaid, who dug her sharp finger nails into my flesh and produced the offending intruder, an almost invisible electron of dust.

"Rebecca" was a mountain born and bred maid of color, childlike and simple as they all are.

The day we arrived in Moneague the mountain winds subsided as usual about 4 o'clock, and in my room I heard (what at Port Antonio I had never heard) the hum of a mosquito.

"I see there are no screens at the windows or doors, Rebecca," I said; "I fear we will be eaten up by mosquitos."

"Don't need no screens, Mistress," Rebecca replied.

"But I heard a mosquito this minute," I answered.

"Yes'm," Rebecca said, as she went on about her work, "but de muskiter done go to sleep when de light is out and don't bother no one."

And sure enough Rebecca's word proved true. The mosquito, a feeble specimen, appeared at this season of the year only between four and six in the afternoon, as if invited to an afternoon tea; and he politely made his departure after six and was heard no more that night. Later in the winter, or earlier in the spring, I have heard that he is less formal and more obtrusive.

Fascinated by the peculiar bell-like notes of a bird outside my window, I asked its name, and Rebecca answered me, saying it was the "Ting-a-ling." I learned afterward that it is the Jamaican name generally given to the black-bird, which, in sufficient numbers, keeps the "tick" in subjection. In our walks we often saw a half dozen of these blackbirds riding on the back of a cow busily engaged in eating the ticks. That the poor beasts allow the birds to settle on their backs and heads without protest and allow them to ride free of charge, can be readily understood.

The song of the "Ting-a-ling" is sweet and plaintively musical, like the chime of small bells.

The mocking bird used to sit on a tree just in front of our portico, and pour out fountains of song, and on several nights I was enchanted by the wonderful music of the nightingale.

A large banyan tree grew a few yards from the window at the north side of our rooms.

One afternoon I heard the unmistakable cry of a small kitten from the region of the banyan tree.

Now, while all animals are dear to my heart, feline creatures have always possessed a peculiar fascination for me; and Himself owns to a similar predilection.

Therefore the cry of this kitten seemed a direct appeal to me for help, and I set forth to find the furry atom of life from whence the cry proceeded.

Animals know no God but man, and if man makes no answer when the animal cries, how should he dare pray to God for help in his own hour of trial?

Following the repeated mew of the kitten, I found a tiny fur ball lying at the foot of the banyan tree; and hearing a louder cry above me, I looked up and discovered the most astonishing thing—a mother cat and four kittens lying in a nest in the tree six feet above the ground.

The nest was formed by the branching of the tree at that height, and a deposit of fallen leaves in the conjunction of branches made a most comfortable bed for the cat family. The mother cat was thin and indolent, and between the taxing tropical climate and four ravenous babies, she lacked the ambition to rescue the kitten when it fell from the perch. After restoring the adventurous infant four times in the afternoon, I decided to move the family to more comfortable quarters, and so that evening found Pussy Cat and her five kittens installed in a commodious soap box under my writing table. Every one predicted her early departure, and return to the banyan tree, cat fashion. But not until the day before our departure did Pussy

show the slightest desire to leave her comfortable quarters.

I fed her three times a day on the fat of the land; fish, fowl, flesh, cream (taken from the breakfast table, to the amazement of the colored waiters), and I was just beginning to teach the little family to lap milk, when we decided rather suddenly to return to Port Antonio.

Feeling a certain responsibility about my pets, I went to the room of one of the English ladies residing in the hotel, and asked her if she would concern herself about the pussies and see that they were fed after my departure. She amiably consented, and said the feline family could occupy a corner of the portico outside her room. But what was my surprise, on returning to my apartment, to find that Madame Puss had taken the matter in her own hands (or rather the kittens in her mouth) and moved them every one, up two flights of stairs to the housekeeper's room. She had no doubt sensed my approaching departure, with that weird sixth sense so many animals possess, and decided on the place she would prefer to occupy.

She had grown so fat under my care, and the kittens were so robust, that I left my charges with confidence that their immediate future would be a reasonably comfortable one.

The morning of our departure was another of



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those occasions which remains forever vivid and distinct in memory.

We were to drive to Spanishtown and take the eight o'clock train to Port Antonio. This necessitated leaving Moneague at five o'clock.

"Topping," our favorite coachman, was at the door with two good mules and a comfortable carriage. But the morning was as black as a full blooded young maid of the Jamaican Mountains; and we could see nothing, as we felt our way along the veranda, save the glimmering lanterns attached to the carriage. No shadow, even, of horses or driver was discernible.

Slowly, as we made our way along the winding road, the shapes of Topping and the mules came out like negatives on a kodak film; then like developed prints; and next we saw the mountains appearing from the mist. A few moments later, from our high altitude we looked down into a valley filled with rushing billows.

"Why, Topping," I cried, "I never knew there was a river in that valley before!"

"That's no river, Mistress," Topping answered—"that's clouds." And sure enough we were above the clouds, looking down upon them; and in another half hour the sun had arisen and touched with glory all that splendid mass, and we drove on through the opulent verdure of the mountain scenery, bathed in light,

beauty and joy, feeling the wonder of God's great universe, and the thrill of the universal life, and the privilege of personal companionship, with a new sense of gratitude.

The hot railroad trip was made endurable by cool winds and by the continual panorama of magnificent scenery between Spanishtown and Port Antonio. There are few more picturesque scenes on earth than the Bog walk drive of Jamaica.

Back into the comfort and charm and artistic beauty of Hotel Titchfield, we forgot our old grudge against it as the displacer of the former rustic structure, and there and then swore our allegiance to it as the loveliest hotel in the world.

PORT ANTONIO

During our first visit to Jamaica the same thorn had pierced my flesh that caused me so much suffering in Cuba. This was the utter indifference of human beings to the suffering of animals.

Drives which would have meant happiness, made misery for me, and scenes which God rendered radiant, man turned dark with torment by the continual lashing of ill-fed and overworked animals. Perpetual protests were on my lips, and I was obliged to be unpleasantly conspicuous on several occasions, and to suffer the consequent disagreeable notoriety, as an open defender of dumb beasts among the ignorant or the indifferent, who called such championship of voiceless creatures, "eccentric." It was either this, or else remain shamefully silent, and suffer the cruelty to continue without protest. Drivers began to point me out and laugh among themselves when they saw me approach; but I had the satisfaction of saving many a miserable mule, donkey and horse cruel blows, and of knowing that I had possibly planted a little seed of thought on the subject of our responsibility toward animals in a few crude minds.

On my second visit to Jamaica it was a surprise and a delight to find a society for the protection of animals organized in the Island and doing excellent work. Judge and Mrs. Lumb, aided by Mrs. Perry, had accomplished this great undertaking. Already there was a different feeling on the subject among the owners and drivers of animals; a half awakened consciousness of the rights of dumb beasts to decent treatment, even when that consciousness was not carried into action. It was my desire to be of aid to the Humane Society, and besides a personal contribution, to give it a new impetus.

The way opened through the little Hotel Titchfield bulletin called "The Port Antonio Morning News." It was published by the management merely to give stock reports and arrivals of guests; but a souvenir number was arranged for February 22nd, in which the printer, Mr. Hadley, a man of remarkable genius in his line, and I, collaborated in an effort to make the number of more than momentary interest. So well we succeeded, that there was a demand for another; and I requested the manager to allow this to be the "Animal Edition" and to be sold for the benefit of the Society—instead of being presented to the guests.

It appeared the morning before we sailed

for Boston, and netted the society something over £15, I believe.

Some of the verses written for this special souvenir edition of the "Port Antonio News" are appended.

PORT ANTONIO HARBOR

This darling of the Southern Sea, afar
The great Blue Mountain worships from his
height;

Sometimes to hide his passion from her sight,
He pins a cloud about him with a star,
And shuts away the vision of her charms,
Lying encircled by her lover's arms,
While high above him hangs the Southern
Cross,
To typify his sorrow and his loss.

ON THE PARADA

A radiant sea, and a smiling sky
And a tropical sun above us.
Two proud banners, that watch close by,
And somebody near to love us.
Friends in the foreground, and ships in the bay,
And its ho! and hail! to a holiday.

WELCOME TO THE TOURISTS

Here's a welcome to the tourist
On this fair West Indian Isle,
May you find the skies above you
Just one bright eternal smile;
May the mountains and the valleys,
And the climate, and the sea,
Prove as full of balm and beauty
As you fancied they would be.

But remember in your seeking
After pleasure, this one thing:
You will find no more contentment
Anywhere than what you bring.
If you take your pack of troubles
Always with you while you roam,
You might better save your money,
And your time, and stay at home.

So just drop it in the ocean
As you sight this summer port,
And come smiling into harbor
With a heart for any sport.
Just forget the snows and blizzards,
And the worries left behind,
Meet the Eden of Jamaica,
With an Eden of the mind.

INTERMEDIARY

When from the prison of its body free,
My soul shall soar, before it goes to Thee,
Thou great Creator, give it power to know
The language of all sad, dumb things below.
And let me dwell a season still on earth
Before I rise to some diviner birth:
Invisible to men, yet seen and heard,
And understood by sorrowing beast and bird—
Invisible to men, yet always near,
To whisper counsel in the human ear;
And with a spell to stay the hunter's hand
And stir his heart to know and understand;
To plant within the dull or thoughtless mind
The great religious impulse to be kind.

Before I prune my spirit wings and rise
To seek my loved ones in their paradise,
Yea! even before I hasten on to see
That lost child's face, so like a dream to me,
I would be given this intermediate role,
And carry comfort to each poor, dumb soul;
And bridge man's gulf of cruelty and sin
By understanding of his lower kin.
'Twixt weary driver and the straining steed
On wings of mercy would my spirit speed.
And each should know, before his journey's end,
That in the other dwelt a loving friend.

From zoo and jungle, and from cage and stall,
I would translate each inarticulate call,
Each pleading look, each frenzied act and cry,
And tell the story to each passer-by;
And of a spirit's privilege possessed,
Pursue Indifference to its couch of rest,
And whisper in its ear until in awe
It woke and knew God's all-embracing law
Of Universal Life—the One in All.

* * * * *

Lord, let this mission to my lot befall.

Among all my happy experiences on this Island nothing gave me more satisfaction than this event. It was not alone the privilege of helping the Society with funds, but the opportunity to make people think on the subject of man's duty to the lesser creatures of earth.

The cruelty in Jamaica is not of the fiendish, and inhuman type that characterizes the Latin and Oriental countries; it is not so brutal as that witnessed in Cuba. Jamaica cruelty is more a matter of ignorance and lack of thought, and is therefore more hopeful of being remedied by education.

It should be the pleasure and pride of every American tourist to do some little act to help the societies for protection of animals wherever they go, and to encourage drivers in using mercy and kindness in their treatment of horses.



JAMAICA.



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Americans are the greatest travelers of all nations. America and England do the best organized work in regard to the protection of animals of all the countries of earth. But how much more might be accomplished were every traveler to speak the needed word to drivers, and to help the humane fund in every land he visits by a small contribution.

To teach the religion of kindness on earth is more important than to make converts to our own especial creed. Religion which permits cruelty to animals without protest, or the slaughter of beast and bird for "sport," can never evangelize the world.

Our rooms at the new Titchfield faced the sea toward the north, with Folly Island and lighthouse a little to the right.

The view from this side of the hotel is surpassingly gorgeous in coloring. The hotel bungalows, embowered in tropical verdure, the lawns of vivid green decorated with rose trees, croton and bagonia bushes and shaded by royal palms, occupy the space of two city blocks between the Titchfield and the sea. When the sun shines (as it usually does) the sea for a space of 200 yards is a most intense green—more vivid than Nile green; and then, as if cut off like so many yards of silk, and sewn to another strip of peacock blue—a nar-

rower line of ardent blue water stretches before the astonished eye; and just beyond that a wide strip of perfect amethyst reaches out to the duller depths of dark blue which meet the horizon.

Different climatic changes occur and are observable in these waters, but they are always (when the sun shines) remarkable in their variety. In the cottage almost under our window, this winter, lived Alexander Dowie, self proclaimed Elijah, then on the downward slope of his rocket-like career.

He, the "healer" by spiritual power, of all disease, was lying dangerously ill, attended by nurses and physicians, of maladies which proved fatal a few months later.

His secretary and two nurses I saw daily, and sometimes spoke with them. They were of his followers and believers; and like most of his flock, were gentle, negative people, easily dominated by a positive mind.

Alexander Dowie, despite his final self-induced fall, and the disintegration of his province, must stand always as one of the remarkable personalities of the age; a sort of abnormal and startling fungus growth on the face of modern religion. Ignorant, uncontrolled, and obscure, he yet created a mighty church, a great bank and an industrial city, which brought

him a colossal fortune and gave him millions of followers, who believed he was "Elijah."

And after all, may he not have been the re-incarnated Elijah, sent back to finish up the work he left suddenly in the hands of Elisha when he took his aëroplane ride in a whirlwind of fire?

Elijah was a revengeful man despite his religious proclivities and his occult skill. He delighted in playing with fire, in astonishing his rivals and enemies by his necromancy, and in calling down curses on the heads of those who did not believe as he did. May he not have been forced by the laws he set in motion to come back and complete his earth life in the spectacular and ignoble manner which characterized the career of Alexander Dowie? I once heard Dowie preach. He rolled upon the stage of the great Auditorium hall in Chicago, a tub of a man, coarse, ill shaped, devoid of magnetism; his discourse was a harangue composed of platitudes; it was uttered in a harsh, jarring voice, and in a manner devoid of all earnestness or enthusiasm. A more uninteresting personality for a great leader of men could not be imagined. Yet he brought with him into this earth incarnation some peculiar quality which permitted him to reign for a season, a monarch in his own domain, and to

end in a whirlwind for the second time, perhaps—a whirlwind of his own uncontrolled tempers, tyrannies and “graftings.”

Looking down on his beautiful little bungalow and hearing of the sumptuous manner in which he and his five attendants lived, I could but explain his prowess as the “left over” remnants of an earlier incarnation, in which he had accumulated power over material things.

Every afternoon at four o'clock, from one of the bungalows below us we heard a sweet clear voice calling “Neenah.” Over and over again this call came, sometimes followed by a merry laugh, and a call to “Papa” and only when the mewing of a cat and the inevitable hoarse croak were added, did we realize our neighbor was a parrot.

Sometimes “Neenah” was hailed in the morning; but always was her name sent across the intervening space over the rose bushes and thro’ the moving palms every afternoon at four. It grew to be a part of the place, the scene, the time, for us; and I fell asleep in my afternoon siesta or awoke from it to the musical sound of “Neenah,” “Neenah.”

After we went away, it still haunted our memory and brought with it all the atmosphere of beautiful Hotel Titchfield and Port Antonio. When we left Port Antonio we went

to Bowden for a brief stay. Our ship, "The Admiral Schley," left in the afternoon of March 12th and stopped at various points to load bananas, reaching Bowden in the evening. A carriage waited and we drove up the mountain side to this lovely retreat, to find ourselves the sole occupants of a cozy bungalow, overlooking Anota Bay from one side, the sea from the other, from the third point of view the mountains at an altitude of 800 feet. .

The evening was radiant with a spectacular sunset, and the night soft with a full moon. Winds sighed, and birds twittered, and the whole world seemed ours. We were Adam and Eve in a new corner of Paradise. The next night (after one full night and day spent in this bewitching retreat) we drove down the mountain side at three in the morning to take our boat, which had made a detour in gathering bananas, and had come back to Bowden for us.

It almost seemed that we were astral bodies floating through space in a silver world of entrancing beauty, as we made our descent of the mountain at that eerie hour of night.

As we stood on the deck and watched the large row boats brought in, and the bananas unloaded, to the curious sing song of a native refrain, by hundreds of colored men and women, the kindly illusion of moonlight made the final

scene one of picturesque interest to carry away with us to the gray March world, whither our boat was headed.

Deep in our hearts, we carried too, a hope of some day returning to Bowden with a little circle of congenial friends; six, or possibly eight people, who would take possession of the Bowden bungalows, and live a pastoral and peaceful life there together, for two weeks, or a month. Nothing more delightful could be imagined than such an experience with the right selection of friends. We had the circle mentally complete, and each year we have talked it over with these friends as a pleasure to be planned for and enjoyed in the future.

Of these friends, no one was more interested and eager to see the dream come true than "Martha," whose beautiful girlhood we had watched bloom into happy wifehood.

But in the splendor of an incomparable May day of this year, Martha, in the fullness of her beauty and in the richness of her love life, went to journey in lands bright with a light which never was on land or sea.

And so the little dream of a happy holiday in Bowden with congenial friends will never be realized.

After we had left the warm zone behind us, and had begun to drag our heavy wraps from

our steamer trunk, and to shiver on our deck promenade, we set to wondering why we had left adorable Jamaica so soon.

Why did we not wait two weeks, or another month?

The question recurred with irritating force, when we landed at Boston in the heaviest blizzard of the winter—a mad mid-March snow storm.

“Why, why, why did we come away so soon?” we asked each other. A long distance telephone message brought the answer on the following day. My aged mother had a sudden stroke of paralysis and was dying.

We reached her the next day forty-eight hours before she gained her longed for release from the bondage of old age, and passed into blessed spiritual freedom.

That was why, unconsciously, and under guidance of Invisible Helpers, we had been moved to leave Jamaica so soon.

HONOLULU

"You will not like Honolulu," they said. "They," the wise ones. "You will find it so modernized and spoiled by the Americans. Why not go to Tahiti?"

It was Tahiti we desired to see; but the voyage was just double in length, and the boat half in size, and we were not sure that comfortable accommodations would await us there, on arrival.

It is all very well when one is twenty, to set forth on large seas in small boats for difficult and barbaric goals, provided only with a flask of water, and a box of crackers.

But there comes a time in life, when, however we love travel and new experiences, and even adventure, we demand decent beds, and digestible food, at certain hours of the day. We had reached that time of life, and so we set sail on a great ocean Ark, plying between San Francisco and the Orient, and which rode the billows as quietly as a row boat floats on a small pond.

And our destination was made in six days, and our goal was Honolulu. It was late January, and we were seeking another summer land, after having wandered far and away, into foreign regions, the year before, searching for a winter



HONOLULU.—A FAMOUS HULA DANCER.

resort as beautiful as Jamaica, and failing to find it.

We had reveled in the historic charms of Southern France and Italy; but we had shivered while we reveled. We had dreamed among the ruins of old Greek Theatres in Syracuse, and Taormina, Sicily, but we had felt the cold winds from the Alps while we dreamed; we had feasted on the wonders of old Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum, and felt ourselves a part of these lost worlds, and almost as cold as the dead who slept in crypt and catacomb.

It was, to be sure, a winter of unusual severity, and no doubt other travelers have found the Riviera as beautiful in climate as it is in scenery and situation; but we were disappointed in its temperature, and we carried away with us to Egypt memories of expensive rooms pervaded by damp chills, and superb drives made uncomfortable by Alpine winds, as well as a trunk full of summer garments which had served no purpose save to add francs and lires galore to Italy's outrageous excess baggage charge.

Even Egypt, the wonderful and incomparable, the mysterious and profound, the longed for and attained, Egypt—gave us a cool greeting.

"If we do not wear our ducks and linens in Egypt," Himself said the morning we were getting our baggage ready to be sent ashore at

Alexandria, "I shall feel tempted to chuck the trunks containing them into the sea." Oh, we will *surely* need them here," I said. But the very first familiar object we saw, the morning of our arrival in Cairo, was an English woman sitting on the hotel veranda wearing a fur boa!

Nevertheless we *did* use our linens a few hours in midday while there; between eleven and three they were possible; while mornings and evenings heavier garments were needed. And despite the charm, the glory and fascination which Egypt held for us, our two salamander souls at times sighed for the *climate* of Jamaica!

"Not yet," we said, "have we found any other place where nature has provided such splendor for the eye, and such perfection of climate—for winter months, as that gem of the West Indian Islands offers to travelers."

And now we were sailing in search of a new experience in the Hawaiian Islands.

Approaching Honolulu from the harbor our first emotion was one of disappointment. The surrounding mountains were bare and bleak, and unimpressive despite the savage majesty of Diamond Head, and there was nothing to remind us of the tropical splendor of Jamaica, in the perspective.

Then our first half day in a palatial, comfortable, but purely commercial hotel, on a busy

city street, which looked out on other busy streets, broke the back of our illusions, and the heart of our dreams. "We might as well be in Springfield, Mass., or Hartford, Conn.," Himself muttered with a despondent face, as he looked out of our window at the top of roofs and chimneys; "for all there is tropical in this scene."

"Only there we would be ringing up the office, asking for more heat, and here I am hunting for a fan," I said.

But despite the state of the thermometer, my spirits were running down to zero. A light rain had begun to fall, and while waiting the arrival of our trunks, we decided to sally forth under umbrellas and see something of the town.

We had proceeded hardly two squares when our eyes suddenly beheld a most tropical picture; back from the street in a palm filled enclosure, stood a rambling structure, surrounded by tiny bungalows, hidden under purple *Bongenvillia* vines, and behind great leaved *Elephantgas* plants.

It was the old Hawaiian Hotel, closed since the completion of the new commercial edifice.

Walking along the shaded winding road that led into this enclosure, we suddenly felt all the atmospheric charm of the tropics enfolding us like tender arms; and just then the rain ceased and the sun came out, and all was well with the

world, with Honolulu and with us. Our disappointments and troubles were over; in an hour's time we had rented the very smallest and daintiest bungalow on earth, three cozy rooms containing seven windows and four doors, and looking out on growing green things, the most delightful nest of a place two wanderers in search of rest and quiet could desire.

The next morning we were installed there, bag and baggage, "kits, cats, sacs and wives." Literally cats, for with our usual luck, a friendly cat came to us within a few hours after we were located. I made her welcome, and provided a box on the portico for her evidently approaching need of comfortable lying-in quarters. But not until three days elapsed did she call again, this time to "break bread" with us; and only at the expiration of a week were we able (by the assistance of spies set upon Madam Puss), to find her family of six kittens, in the linen room of the dismantled old hotel. Brought down, and snugly ensconced on our portico, in a quiet corner, they were allowed to remain only four or five days. Then the mother cat carried them back to the empty linen room, up two flights of stairs. Finding she was determined on this step, I assisted her in the transportation of the last half of her family, and every day thereafter she called upon us three times. Once at eight



HONOLULU.—PEACOCKS AT GOV. CLEGHORN'S PLACE.

o'clock for breakfast; at five o'clock for dinner; and again a little later she made a dinner call—rolling on the floor and purring violently to express her thanks for our courtesies. Like the cats of Moneague, she reveled in a varied diet of fish, fowl, meat and cream, while we remained her hosts; and each one of her offspring was bespoken before our day of departure.

Our "drawing room" in the little bungalow served also as a study and a smoking room. A deep bay window curtained by lace draperies gave Himself a comfortable nook for a table and big chair, with a beautiful outlook on flowering trees and emerald lawns. The center of the room was "my study." It consisted of a table set between two doors which gave me always a fresh current of air, and it was lighted in the evening by a chandelier directly above it. "Ah-Lui," a Chinese youth, the personification of simplicity and optimism, kept our rooms in order, and "Meekie," a doll-sized Japanese girl came clattering in her wooden shoes every afternoon at four, to act in the capacity of visiting maid. Such a free happy life as it proved to be, so full of new pleasures and interests. The nights were cooler than the nights of Jamaica, and stimulated one to more activity. I woke in the morning filled with ambition, and between breakfast and the arrival of "Meekie" who

usually attired me for some social function in this most hospitable town, I wrote many bits of verse, and prose while Himself smoked his cigar and read his book in the alcove.

Thinking one day of the many transient places which He and I had found veritable Edens of enjoyment a little poem took form under the caption: _____

MY HEAVEN

Unhoused in deserts of accepted thought,
And lost in jungles of confusing creeds,
My soul strayed, homeless, finding its own
needs
Unsatisfied with what tradition taught.

The pros and cons, the little ifs and ands,
The but and maybe, and the this and that,
On which the churches thicken and grow fat,
I found but structures built on shifting sands.

And all their heavens were strange and far away,
And all their hells were made of human hate;
And since for death I did not care to wait,
A heaven I fashioned for myself one day.

Of happy thoughts I built it stone by stone,
With joy of life I draped each spacious room,
With love's great light I drove away all gloom,
And in the center I made God a throne.

And this dear heaven I set within my heart,
And carried it about with me alway,
And then the changing dogmas of the day
Seemed alien to my thoughts and held no part.

Now as I take my heaven from place to place
I find new rooms by love's revealing light,
And death will give me but a larger sight
To see my palace spreading into space.

However spoiled by American influences Honolulu might seem to the old residents, accustomed to the local color of the monarchical days, under King Kalakua, or Queen Liliuokalani, to us it proved fascinating in the extreme, and the days were full of novelty.

The very first night at dinner in Young's Hotel (all our meals were taken in this excellent restaurant) we were treated to the novel experience of seeing white men in evening dress, seated at tables with beautifully gowned and resplendently jeweled women, whose bare shoulders, arms and glowing faces were as brown and smooth as old oak; women with luxurious heads of straight black hair, with handsomely moulded features and beautifully shaped hands and feet. Sometimes there were children (half breeds of assorted colors) with these men and women—and almost always were they of striking beauty.

At first we felt a curious sensation of surprise, that was not altogether agreeable, at this spectacle of amalgamation of races; but in a brief time it passed, and we grew into the acceptance of the fact that the color problem in Hawaii, which has to deal with Polynesians, Japanese and Chinese, is quite a separate condition from that which is faced in the States or the West Indies.

Among the pleasures which the following days gave us were trolley rides to the bathing beach at Waikiki, a trip of half an hour through sumptuous scenery, and past artistic residences; and at the beach there was an exciting experience of surf riding in native canoes. Guided by stalwart Polynesian oarsmen, we went far out to meet the incoming billows, and then raced in upon their crests—often with a seeming perilous celerity, and always saturated with the salt spray.

There were beauty discovering drives, culminating in a tallyho ascent of the famous Pali, commanding one of the most majestic views of the world; the historic Pali over which King Kamehameha I. drove his enemies, and gained the victory which united the islands under one government. There was a moonlight motor ride around Diamond Head, an experience to remember always; and there was a railroad journey out to Nakiana along the coast which revealed



HONOLULU.—OUR BUNGALOW. MEEKIE, JAP MAID.



HONOLULU.—DIVING BOYS PRESENTING LAIS.

a panorama of miles of rainbow hued surf, breaking in mountain billows on the shore, a sight unlike anything we had yet beheld.

Then one day we were invited to a "Luau," a native feast. Now the hostess of this feast was known as "Princess Therese," but her self-bestowed title interested me less than her legally obtained name of Mrs. Robert Wilcox, which name belongs by law, and love, to me also.

For many years Himself and I had been interested in the spectacular career of his "name-sake," the Hawaiian Robert Wilcox now deceased. A half English Polynesian, he had been selected by the late King as one of three promising youths to receive a foreign education, and to reflect glory on the rising generation of Hawaiians forever after. Mr. Wilcox was exceedingly handsome and brilliant, but he lacked discretion in love and war. Representing himself as a Prince, he espoused an Italian lady of title, who straightway divorced him when she reached Honolulu and learned the facts.

Later he became an active Royal-Revolutionist, and was often arrested and imprisoned, and once barely escaped the death penalty for offenses against the new government. Although disliked and regarded as an upstart by the Queen, Mr. Wilcox was worshiped by the people of Hawaii. He was sent to represent the Island

of Oahu, to Washington, D. C., and died with a halo, visible only to Polynesian eyes, about his handsome head.

This "Luau," to which we were bidden, was given as a birthday party in his memory by his widow "Princess Therese," his second wife, a comely, well-preserved native woman of middle age.

We arrived a little late, and found fifty full blooded or half white guests seated at four tables. Our places were waiting, with our long wreaths of yellow flowers, the "Royal leis," together with another wreath of green leaves. Every guest wore these wreaths about hat, and neck, and the room was redolent with their odor.

The women were all attired in the freshly starched loose flowing native dress, known as the Holoku, which is merely a "Mother Hubbard" of reduced proportions, and the men were conventional in American summer outing garments.

Interest in our presence at the feast was greatly augmented by the discovery that Himself bore the same name of their beloved hero, whose, birthday was being commemorated.

Now at this feast at which we were seated there was not a knife, spoon or fork visible, and the contents of each of the many wonderful and awful dishes set before us, had to be con-

veyed to the mouth by those oldest of table implements—the fingers. A large finger bowl (or wash basin) was passed first to prepare the fingers to serve as forks, and then by glancing at our neighbors, we learned the method of procedure and set to work. At least I did. Determined to do as the Romans did while at Rome, I dipped my fingers into every dish and sampled it, but Himself left the table little wiser than he sat down, having eaten nothing but fruit.

Even the Poi I managed to convey to my mouth without disaster, but I must confess that I was relieved when the feast was over and we adjourned to the ballroom. There we were given an abbreviated and modified exhibition of the native dance, the Hula (pronounced hoola), by two handsome women of over generous proportions, who in the heyday of youth had “danced before the King,” even as Salome of old.

The Hula, as performed in the halcyon days of Honolulu, in a skirt of grass, when Rum and Royalty reigned, and annexation was an unknown word (like sobriety), is forbidden by law to-day. But we saw it later, given in ballet costume by the ugliest old dame in the eight Islands, and her exquisitely beautiful niece of 14. The large bodied, perspiring father or uncle of the child, attired in a man’s shirt and a woman’s skirt, came in at the finish of the dance, with

much abdominal obtrusiveness. The arm movements of the Hula are graceful and alluring, and they relate certain historic events when translated by the initiated. The leg movements are rhythmic and fascinating, but the abdominal contortions and muscle writhings are disgusting, and almost, if not quite, obscenely vulgar.

It was a promising commentary on the development of the Hawaiian toward higher ideals of womanhood, to note the unmistakable shrinking of the little 14-year girl from the performance of the task allotted her, in the Hula dance. The child had the beauty of a bronze Madonna, and innocence and modesty were expressed in her sweet countenance too clearly to be assumed.

She seemed to sense, rather than to know, that the dance was immodest, and she finished her encore without once lifting her eyes from the floor to the face of the dozen spectators. How different from the old days when King Kalakaua kept his ballet of Hula dancers, and every girl not of royal blood on the eight Islands was proud to display her body in the national dance to greedy, curious and unholy eyes, at festivals which ended in orgies. Perhaps Honolulu is a little duller than it was then, but it certainly possesses a larger percentage of self respecting women and uninebriated men.

Early in our stay in Honolulu we discovered a

native fruit exactly like the "Paw paw" of Jamaica which grows on a tree, but in Honolulu it is mothered by a shrub and is called the Papia.

This fruit is most delicious, combining the taste of the canteloupe and the banana, with an added flavor of its own.

Every night Himself purchased a Papia from the Chinese fruit vender on the corner, and every morning we enjoyed a cozy ante breakfast feast in our bungalow, before walking over to our almost mid-day meal at the hotel.

Between our cottage and the hotel a tall tree cast its drooping branches over the pavement, just in front of a physician's office. One morning we observed that this tree had bloomed into remarkable beauty during the night. Large bell-shaped flowers of pure white and with a subtle permeating fragrance were hanging from every bough. I plucked one and sniffed its perfume and admired its beauty as I walked along, and after I sat at the table waiting for breakfast to be brought. I had awakened that morning in excellent appetite and had surprised Himself by my generous order to our waiter.

But suddenly I felt an overwhelming weariness; I did not want any food; I wanted to go back to the bungalow and lie down. Overcoming this indisposition by an effort, I managed to drink my coffee and to taste a little

food. Feeling unutterably weary and with the beautiful flower still in my hand, I stopped at the hotel office to ask its name, and then I learned the secret of my sudden indisposition. "I do not know the botanical name" my informant replied, "but it is called the sleeping flower, because its perfume induces sleep. To taste it is death. Two children died last month over in the volcano region from chewing the petals of this flower. A bouquet in a room will produce an effect like a narcotic, and were one to lie down under the tree which bears this flower, a deep sleep would fall upon him."

How very like a certain type of beautiful woman, fair and fragrant and alluring, but bringing inertia and death if known too well.

One of the curious old customs in Hawaii is the presentation of a newly born or very young child to a near friend or relative. This present is regarded as a solemn trust. It originated in the early days when Hawaii was occupied by various tribes, and was intended as a peace offering. A child brought up by one tribe, knew his origin; and this insured his peaceful proclivities toward his blood relatives. When difficulties arose, some other method than war would be resorted to for the adjustment of these differences.

The custom of child giving continues to this day.

Only recently the Prince and Princess Kawanakoa gave one of their children to the mother of the Princess, Mrs. Samuel Parker; and it became legally the sister of its mother in consequence.

In Honolulu, we heard no word of "hard times." No one talked of trusts, monopolies, failures or panics.

No beggars were seen on the streets, and no "unemployed" sat about darkening the sun with unhappy faces.

The flower sellers, a picturesque class of natives, squatted at street corners and waited at boats and trains to supply tourists with their lovely "leis." But they never importuned. There is a dignity about the Hawaiian which prevents him from degenerating into a beggar. These flower venders have wreaths to sell; they are merchants; if you want the flowers, they are yours; if you decline, they would no more think of pestering you than would the New York merchant, if you passed his wares by.

Remembering Southern Italy, and Cairo and Constantinople, where life was made miserable by the persevering and persistent merchants of all kinds of salable things, and before whom we were obliged to flee as from a simoon, Honolulu seemed indeed worthy of its name, The Paradise of the Pacific.

THE MEANING OF SUNDAY

It was a Sunday morning. Himself and I were sitting in an exquisite little cottage—our make-believe house—in a tropical Hawaiian garden.

Wild birds, with strange, wonderful notes of joy in their voices, were singing, "Glory to God in the Highest."

Palm trees were waving graceful arms, as if in religious ecstasy.

The month was February. The weather July. A handsome Hawaiian maiden walked by, dressed in her freshly starched "holoku," and carrying her tall body with native dignity. A tiny Japanese girl trotted near, wearing her kimono as only a native Japanese woman can wear it.

A Chinese mother paused in front of our cottage to strap the crimson silk blanket more snugly about the baby on her back. She wore a peacock blue coat, and a queer gold pin fastened her black hair.

Everything was picturesque, artistic and fascinating to the eye and ear.

Life was full of color, light, romance, beauty. God seemed near—and the world was good.



HONOLULU.—QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

Then suddenly a sound! The bird's songs, the rustle of palm leaves, the breathings of Nature, were drowned under a mournful wail.

A chorus of voices, accompanied by a melancholy organ, sent forth the dismal New England hymns from the Christian Mission Church across the way from our little bungalow. Verse after verse, hymn after hymn, bruised the bright air into dark despondency. Joy changed to melancholy; happiness in the present gave way to sad memories! Funeral services in the country church of my childhood rose before me; I heard the drone of the clergyman's voice, the sob of the mourners; and all the joy of life was lost, and God was far away.

Himself looked at me with grave eyes.

"It is awful, isn't it?" he said. "I am back in a New England town—an orphan boy—living next door to the church with my grandmother. It is a cold, rainy Winter day, but I live so near, I cannot escape the long service, and the fear inspiring sermon. If I play sick and stay at home I still hear the mournful hymns, and threats of death, and the grave and hell fire which await boys who play sick. What a pity our Christian ancestors adopted such music and such hymns to represent the love-one-another creed of Christ!"

"I wish we were in a Hawaiian jungle," I

said, "alone with Nature, and Nature's God." "So do I," said Himself.

Then we heard the congregation leaving the church and knew the service was over. I am sure the prayer of gratitude from our hearts was as sincere as any prayer that went up to heaven that morning.

For we could worship again through the happy sounds of singing birds and rustling leaves. A little later a band of Hawaiian singers broke forth in song. There was the joy of life, the ring of youth, the throb of hope, the thrill of passion in their voices. The echoes took up the strain and repeated it—the world seemed brighter, and life more vital as they sang. The sun was in their song; and there was the scent of flowers, and the pulse of Nature in the strain.

"I would rather be welcomed in heaven by music like that," I said, "than by those orthodox hymns."

And "Himself" nodded approval. "Give me any kind of a heaven—or no heaven at all," he said, "rather than a place that reminds me of my boyhood Sundays."

Coming across the Pacific to Honolulu the passenger list of 200 people contained forty-one missionaries, en route to foreign lands. One Sunday morning a little child of three came laughing gayly into the ship's writing room.

Her voice sounded like a trill of a happy bird and I turned to look at the child, just as her father, a young missionary, called to her sternly, "Hush—don't you know that this is Sunday? You must not laugh like that."

It was not my business, of course, but I could not remain silent. "Please let your baby laugh on Sunday," I said. "Surely God cannot be displeased. And do not let her grow up with a dread of Sunday as a day of gloom."

"I do not wish my child to consider Sunday a holiday," the young missionary replied, coldly. "But," I pleaded, "you give her a wrong impression of God. The best man I know—a man of a real religious nature—had to battle with himself for years to overcome a dread of the life after death, just because he feared heaven would be like the Sunday of his New England childhood. He really felt hell fire would be more cheerful."

"God's day is dear to those who love Him," said the missionary, and he turned his back upon me.

The laughing baby tiptoed out of the room, with trouble in her young eyes.

In the Honolulu Advertiser recently there appeared in the "Bystanders" column an interesting paragraph speaking of the various classes of society in Honolulu. It said:

"Then there is the conservative missionary society. I saw it gather at a golden wedding years ago, and the scene carried me back to old New England days. This society dressed soberly, the women bringing out a little old lace, perhaps, heirloom brooches with white cut cameos on yellow ground and the like, and showing a penchant for layer cake, tea and tatting. It was a society without veneer, with an interest in serious things, with a Puritan dislike of frills and furbelows and without much fun. That petrified intolerance known as the New England conscience ran through it all; and it seemed to me, as I mingled with the grave assemblage that it always kept the end of the passage in view. The feast and the skeleton were never separated."

That is just the way it seems to me; in their church hymns one always feels the funereal element; and with their "petrified intolerance" they destroy the very essence of life—which is love.

I have so long lived away and apart from this type of Christian that I had grown to think the species extinct. Dwelling among "New Thought" and "Theosophical" and "Great School" people, who believe in joy as an element of religion, I had forgotten much of the horror of the old creeds; and so it all came upon me again with a shock of surprise.

I would sooner go begging my bread from door to door, homeless, friendless, persecuted and despised by men, than give up my belief in immortal life, in a God of Love and Light, in the ministering of angels, the guidance of invisible helpers.

I know I am an immortal soul; I know I have always lived, and will always live, passing on from sphere to sphere, from cycle to cycle—pausing at great periods of time to “contemplate” God in Nirvana—and yet again going forth as His expression. And this faith, this knowledge, fills me full of joy.

Life is so great a privilege, its opportunities for usefulness, for happiness, for achievement, for pleasure, so immense that there is ever a song in my heart.

Perhaps, because I wake always with this song of gratitude in my soul I do not find it necessary to make Sunday a particular day of praise giving. At all events I dare to laugh and be glad on Sunday, and since all days are holy days to me, so Sunday is holy. It is good to rest from hard labor on that day, good for man and beasts and it is good to contemplate the higher purposes of existence, apart from the wage earning, money getting, and purely material phases of life.

But it is *not* good to make the day one of

funereal gloom, of dull melancholy, of dismal psalm singing.

It is not good to tell a little child to hush its laughter, and it is not good to compel young people or people who labor early and late six days of the week to relinquish the innocent sports, games and relaxations of life.

God is Light! God is Love! Life is a privilege.

Rejoice, oh, my soul, and be glad! Sing, dance, laugh and give praise; not one day of the seven, but seven days of the seven.

Glory to God in the highest!

THE PASSING OF A PRINCESS

There is one name which, when spoken in Honolulu, or, indeed, in any part of the Hawaiian Islands, brings a tender look to every face, a look which is like the reverent lifting of a hat. That name is Kaiulani.

Born to wealth and station, reared with every advantage, beautiful and beloved, Princess Kaiulani passed early to the royal mausoleum to sleep with her ancestors.

I walked one day in wide spreading grounds, under the shadow of lordly palms, where her childhood was spent. Tropical vines, flowering in audacious colors, flung bold arms about

unresisting trees and made a riot of strange bloom.

Splendid peacocks swept down the spacious paths, beside the handsome white-haired host, as he came to greet his guests. Soft fountains played and refreshed the air with cooling sounds. The month was February, the weather July.

We sat under a wonderful banyan tree, made historic by the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Later we sipped tea in a great room filled with portraits of kings, queens, princes and princesses, rulers and potentates, all interesting from a historical point of view, but one, oft repeated, from childhood to young womanhood, was of peculiar and pathetic interest.

Kaiulani, daughter of our stately host, Governor Cleghorn, and his wife, Likelike, sister to the late king.

Kaiulani was heir apparent to the throne of Hawaii, and she had grown from childhood to young womanhood, thinking of herself as a future queen.

Governor Cleghorn had made his magnificent estate what he deemed a suitable home for a coming queen, and he had sent Kaiulani to Scotland and England and France to educate her as befitted her position. While she

was abroad the great change came to the Hawaiian Islands, which turned them from a kingdom to a territory of the United States.

Kaiulani was only a young girl; she was not a philosopher or a deep student of altruistic forms of government, and so the blow fell upon her with severity; it destroyed her dearest hope, her most cherished ambition, and one year after annexation she died.

Everybody in Honolulu and in the Hawaiian Islands loved "Princess Kaiulani." When she went away to Scotland to attend school Robert Louis Stevenson wrote in her album:

"Forth from her land to mine she goes,
The Island maid, the Island rose.
Light of heart and bright of face,
The daughter of a double race.
Her islands here in Southern sun
Shall mourn their Kaiulani gone;
And I, in her dear banyan shade,
Look vainly for my little maid.
But our Scots Island, far away,
Shall glitter with unwonted day:
And cast for once their tempests by,
To smile in Kaiulani's eye."

And to these pretty lines, Mr. Stevenson appended this exquisite bit of prose, more poetical than his poetry, as always was his prose:



HONOLULU.—TYPE OF NATIVE BEAUTY.

“Written in April to Kaiulani, in the April of her age, and at Waikiki, within easy walks of Kaiulani’s Banyan. When she comes to my land and her fathers, and the rain beats upon the window (as I fear it will), let her look at this page—it will be like a weed, gathered and pressed at home, and she will remember her islands and the shadow of the mighty tree, and she will hear the peacock’s screaming in the dusk and the wind blowing in the palms, and she will think of her father sitting there alone.”

That was written in 1889—and the father of Kaiulani still sits there alone.

As we walked under the great banyan tree and down the avenues bordered by wonderful palms, and every specie of tree and vine and flowering shrub known in the tropics, Governor Cleghorn said softly: “I selected all these trees and arranged these grounds for Kaiulani. I wanted the domain to be a rest home for her, and these walks to give her cool shade in her promenades.”

But only visitors walk now where Kaiulani’s slender feet trod for a few brief years.

“She died of rheumatism of the heart,” her father said, “a year after the annexation of Hawaii. You see, she had been educated with the idea and expectation of becoming Queen. She was the nearest in line and had been offi-

cially announced heir apparent. It was hard for all Hawaiians to accept the passing of the monarchy, even those who realized that it was inevitable and for the best. It was particularly hard for Kaiulani, who had been reared with the expectation of becoming our Queen.

"It might really be said that she died of annexation. Her interest in life passed with the monarchy."

Everywhere were portraits of Kaiulani. She was beautiful, as are almost all these "daughters of a double race."

The Polynesian blood, mingled with that of the English, Scotch, American or Irish, produces a peculiarly attractive type of beauty, and education and culture had added their refining charm to the young Princess.

As we walked down the long avenues and out to the main thoroughfare, followed by the haughty peacocks, who seemed to want convincing proof that we were not loitering in the grounds, a penetrating melancholy permeated the sunshine of the brilliant day, and never did life speak more clearly of the transitory nature of happiness which is based on human ambitions.

Later in the day we stood by the royal mausoleum, where Princess Kaiulani lies buried beside her mother and her uncle, the late King

of the Hawaiian Islands, and other members of the royal family, and again the words of the old Persian poet came to mind:

“And this, too, shall pass away.”

Yet somewhere, I am sure, the sweet spirit of Kaiulani has realized its dream and somewhere she is ascending thrones. For to each of us, in God's good time, must be given our heart's desire.

KAIULANI

Dreaming of thrones, she grew from child to
maid,

While under royal palms soft fountains played;
She saw herself in Time's appointed hour
Ruling her kingdom by love's potent power,
Her radiant youth imperially arrayed.

Where tropic suns were tempered by sweet
shade,

Protecting love, her pleasant pathway laid,
And there she dwelt, a Princess in her bower,
Dreaming of thrones.

Marauding changes brutally invade
Her island home; and yet Time's hand is stayed.
Her name has left the fragrance of a flower,
And in the regal state that was her dower
She sleeps in beauteous youth that cannot fade,
Dreaming of thrones.

THE COLOR LINE IN HONOLULU

The average high school graduate in America, if asked to describe the difference between brown skinned and black skinned races, would be unable to draw any distinction.

They would all come under one term "colored people."

But in Honolulu one quickly grows to realize how great is the distinction between the Polynesian and the African. When there is a possibility of being believed, the man or woman possessing negro blood denies it; but the man or woman of Polynesian blood, boasts of it.

Perhaps the significant fact can be traced to the cruelty of the white man who first enslaved the African, and for centuries made him a beast of burden. The Polynesians have never been slaves. They have been savage, but they have ruled in their savagery. The ex-Queen Liliuokalani lived in the handsome residence, which had been her early home, just a moment's walk from our little bungalow. Through Governor Cleghorn we were given audience with her one morning. The native maid met us at the open door and conducted us down the hall to the bright reception room, where the stately dame

sat awaiting us. A little maid of honor, pretty as a bronze statuette, stood behind her chair; and in a retiring room the older servitors were in attendance.

The Queen was attired in a royal blue silk holiku with neck and sleeves of native made lace. She was much handsomer than her pictures indicate, and although across the border line of seventy, she appeared little more than fifty.

She talked interestingly of the days of the monarchy, of her experiences in travel, when she was entertained by all the rulers of the world, and related incidents of historical value. She graciously permitted me to look at the lines of her very beautiful hands (wherein I saw the whole story of her turbulent life), and asked me to autograph one of my books, which I had presented her through Governor Cleg-horn. She showed us the Royal Kahilis—curious ornaments resembling long feather dusters made of rare feathers of native birds now extinct. These ornaments stood beside the Queen's chair, and had been used in the Throne room (Himself had been eyeing them longingly, thinking what delightful souvenirs of Hawaii they would be for our collection).

Then we made our bows and left the lonely woman to her reveries. A childless widow,

with old age in the foreground, and all her glory and power and wealth in a rapidly receding past, she seemed a pathetic figure in our newly annexed territorial domain. But with the pathos was dignity, and a certain poise which prevented sympathy from becoming pity.

Next in interest, as types of the upper class Polynesians, were Prince and Princess Kawanakoa. The Prince (recently deceased) was in reality not a prince of the blood; he was created a Prince by the King, whose consort was the young man's aunt. A handsome cultured young man, scarcely thirty, he had always been a child of fortune, and his deportment was that of the cultured cosmopolitan. Early in his twenties he married an extremely beautiful young heiress, a half Scotch girl, whose mother was a full blooded Hawaiian belle, and whose father was Col. Campbell, many times a millionaire.

Close your eyes and let your imagination run riot, as to your ideal of a Hawaiian Princess, and you can picture no more beautiful and royal young creature than Princess Kawanakoa was when I met her. She came into the box at a theatre party given for us by a hospitable resident of Honolulu, and she seemed to radiate life, light, joy, youth and splendor. She had been married six years and was the

mother of three children, yet she was only 23. Before her education was completed in the States, she met the young Prince during a visit home, and the immediate romance culminated in marriage when she was scarcely seventeen. Both inheriting large wealth, both occupying an exalted position on their Island, both beautiful with first youth and opulent personal charms, they lived a fairy-book life for the first few years after their marriage. At the time of my visit there was a cloud on their horizon. Money losses had come to the Prince, and his health was failing. He died a few months later, and the funeral obsequies included most of the old weird Hawaiian customs.

It will be interesting to watch the future of this beautiful young Hawaiian widow, still in the morning of life. The Princess was tall, and therefore at this early epoch of her life, her figure but slightly indicated the change from voluptuousness to obesity, which comes to almost every Polynesian woman after twenty-five, and often earlier if maternity has done its maturing work.

She was what every observer would call superb in her carriage and form. Her color was that of the dark brunette, but a peculiar pallor indicated other than Anglo Saxon blood in her veins. Luxurious hair, almost black, framed a face of softly rounded features, and

her eyes and teeth gave brilliancy to her expression. "Himself" was fascinated by her voice, the soft Polynesian voice to which cultivation had added its charm. Her manner was that of an eager, excitable child, trying to "be good" and quiet and dignified. The joy of life expressed itself in her every act and word. The Princess like all Honolulu women adored the United States, and longed to make her home in New York.

A great many Anglo Saxon men have married Polynesian women and "lived happily forever afterward." But these men have remained on the Islands—like the father of the Princess and others prominent in the social life there. Americans who became habituated to the Hawaiian point of view, cease to draw a color line; but this breadth of view does not remain with them in the States. The more a man loves his bronze skinned wife, the more painful would he find the slights and insults to which she would be subjected in the United States, and the situation would become intolerable.

An interesting story is told of one of the great plantation magnates, a Scotchman who married a handsome native woman. His beautiful half-breed children were being educated in California, and the father, while on a visit there, entered a hotel, and with his wife and children



HONOLULU.—PRINCESS KAIULANI.

took seats at the dining room table. After a few moments the head waiter approached, and whispered in the ear of the sugar magnate.

"Colored people are not allowed in this hotel," was what he whispered. The doughty Scotchman restrained his temper and quietly withdrew. A few hours later he appeared, alone, and called all the hotel employees together.

"I have bought this hotel," was his astonishing assertion," and I take charge of it this afternoon. You will arrange a table for my family to occupy whenever we are here."

To this day that hotel is one of the resources from which the widow draws her large income. But all Anglo Saxons who marry native women are not millionaires, and there are many deserted wives in Hawaii, whose husbands went on a visit to the States, and promised to send for their consorts when their business affairs were settled. But like badly made coffee—they never settled.

One very beautiful young woman had divorced a deserting American husband and married again another American. He was in the States, and she was eagerly awaiting his cable telling her to come to him when I left the Island. Twice he had cabled, but only to postpone a day set for sailing. In all probability the unfortunate woman was again a deserted wife.

I met a radiantly beautiful and cultured young girl, who had been educated in an American college, and possessed all the attractive qualities which make a belle. I wondered if she hid in her heart that dream so dear to every Island maid the world over—marriage with some man of social prominence from the great world. She was eminently fitted to adorn society, but her skin was relentlessly old oak in color. What man would dare appear with her in a New York theatre or drawing room?

As in the rest of the civilized Christian world to-day, there is in Hawaii a much larger proportion of ambitious young girls, who have acquired an education, and social accomplishments, than of young men. This leaves the Hawaiian girl superior to the marriageable men of her own land, but barred by color from marrying a man whose business or inclinations necessitate living away from Hawaii. After all the color problem, even there, is not settled.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

On both the voyage to and from Honolulu, a goodly percentage of the passengers were missionaries, en route to, or returning from the Orient.

My acquaintance with foreign missionaries had been slight, and this was the first opportunity to study them at close range. I must say, to be honest, that they were, intellectually considered, a disappointment. Among nearly one hundred men and women, only three impressed me as being up to the standard one expects to find in a public school graduate. Being much interested in Oriental religions and philosophies, I thought it an excellent opportunity to gain some information on the subject from those who had studied it at close range. Mistaken hope! One man gazed at me with mingled disgust and reproach, and refused to admit that such a term as "Oriental religion" could be used. It was all rank heathenism and idol worship to his mind.

Another asked me to explain the meaning of "Karma."

Another thought reincarnation and transmigration of souls was one and the same thing, and so I gave up trying to add to my knowledge

on this subject from information gained through the missionaries. It seems to me a great mistake for a physician to attend a patient without knowing all about his condition, and equally a mistake for a missionary to attempt conversion of pagans without knowing all about their beliefs—and the origin of their religion. Aside from this as an education to be gained, while practising the profession of a missionary, such a study is important.

I found these people very earnest and very sincere, and what they lacked in liberality of thought they made up in patience of purpose, and singleness of heart in their one subject to Christianize the world.

The most intellectual and charming woman among them, and the most liberal, went first to China as a physician, married a missionary, and remained there in the mission work.

As usual on a long sea voyage, there was a dance given the last night before coming into harbor, and the missionaries, as if to show their disapproval of this worldly function, called a special prayer meeting. But the woman physician slipped away, and tripped the fantastic toe for half an hour, and was no doubt benefited in mind and body by this diversion and unharmed spiritually.

Just as I felt that the missionaries needed to

be broadened in their minds, so I found I needed to be broadened by knowing more of their work and achievements.

I had always felt the foreign mission movement an intrusion on the rights of individuals to worship the Creator of the Universe in their own way, and that the money used in this field of endeavor was sadly needed at home, where we have so much ignorance, and cruelty, and crime.

Talking with the missionaries, however, and studying the history of the Hawaiian Islands, before and since their advent, I grew into a realization that this work was an important part in the progress of humanity at large.

It is the missionary movement which has transformed the Fiji Islands from horrible cannibalism to their present kindly and semi-civilized state, and however we may talk of the loss of "charm" which has come to the Hawaiian Islands through the missionaries, yet when the first missionary came to Honolulu, on the Island of Oahu, he found a nude queen lying drunk under a tree (intoxicated with some native brew) and two drunken consorts at her side.

The queen became a convert to Christianity and left a name to history, bright with the lustre of good deeds, noble actions, and large human charities.

In China, the missionaries are helping to free

women from the tortures of the deformed foot, but this is slow work owing to the slavery of the Chinese woman to tradition and custom. One woman missionary who had lived with her husband in the interior part of China for 20 years, seemed to think this work promising because of this conversion of 250 natives in a score of years.

In one of these converted families a little girl of six years cried pitifully, and finally persuaded her mother to bind her young feet in the torturing shoe, because the other children laughed at her for having natural extremities.

And all the agony which followed, she bore with that stoicism which great heroes and vain women equally display.

The hygienic and medical work done by the missionaries is of greater value to the race, according to my ideas, than the work of conversion from one faith to another.

Especially valuable is the medical treatment given women in the Orient, in China, Japan and India, and the education accorded them in proper care of their bodies.

Never until all women are free from slavery of all kinds—deformed feet, smothering harem veils, and confining bars, sweat shop, factory and mine prisons, and humiliating financial dependence—will the race become what God means it to be.

The missionaries are helping to bring about this freedom.

Heaven speed their work, at home and abroad.

One of the most delightful men we met while in Honolulu was Burton Holmes, the world famous traveler, writer and lecturer. American in feature and cosmopolitan in his appearance and manner, a Parisian in perfection of dress, English in his well modulated voice and accent, he was withal delightfully witty in repartee, and a most agreeable partner in a dance.

At one of the smart functions given in Honolulu, I became enthusiastic at the charm of the place, and of that particular festivity, and gave voice to my sentiments, while waltzing with Mr. Holmes.

"Oh, yes," he said, "except that it is not all what it used to be in the old days of the King. The trail of the missionary is over it all." "But," I protested, "how can you say that? listen to this glorious wild Hawaiian music, the twang of the instruments, the thrill of the men's voices as they sing. What is there to remind one of the missionary there?" "Oh, but it does," he said. "Even in their dance music now-a-days I get an echo of 'Yes We Shall Gather at the river,' and 'Onward Christian Soldier.'"

Again speaking of the great cities of the world,

Mr. Holmes said: "New York is the only big city where horse cars may be seen now. They go up 29th St., and back on 28th St., because they are ashamed to be seen coming down the same track."

The day before our departure from Honolulu, there was a tap at our bungalow door in the morning, and in blew—literally "blew"—the typical American hustler, Mr. Alexander Hume Ford, magazine writer, traveler, promoter of progress, and general agent of success for the world. I had not seen Mr. Ford for ten years, during which time he had been around the world length-wise, cross-wise and diagonally, several times. In less than ten minutes after he entered the door our peaceful bungalow seemed to become a combination literary bureau, dramatic agency, shipping, railroad and information office and athletic club. Mr. Ford had only reached Honolulu from Australia the previous evening, but he had already sketched out plans for beautifying the city, enlarging its commerce and increasing its popularity as a winter resort. My head swam as he outlined his ideas to me, and then he proceeded to tell me a few things he proposed to do before I left the following day. Knowing me to be a swimmer, he had made arrangements to teach me the exhilarating sport of riding the waves, at Waihihi beach, on a plank;



BRIDGE AT HONOLULU.

to collaborate in a great Hawaiian drama; to visit the Kaiulani school and to have the Governor of the Island read my verses there; to bring Burton Holmes with his moving picture camera to photograph us all; and finally to introduce old Hawaiian customs in the departure of our ship the next day, in which native boy drivers and a Hawaiian band were to feature for the benefit of the Holmes camera.

All these things were to happen during 24 hours, but the billow riding, and the drama writing, had to be eliminated greatly to the regret of Mr. Ford.

I demurred at the visit to the Kaiulani school.

"It is impossible to induce the Governor on such short notice to read my verses there," I said. "Not at all," replied the sanguine Mr. Ford. "I know he will come. It only just occurred to me that this is the 9th anniversary of Kaiulani's death. Gov. Cleghorn always devotes the day to her memory at the Royal Mausoleum. Now it will be very gratifying to him when he knows that we planned this little visit and reading in honor of his beloved and lamented daughter."

Mr. Ford dashed out of the door, only to return beaming and triumphant in less than an hour's time.

"It is all arranged," he said, "the Governor

will be at the Kaiulani school by the time we reach there. Burton Holmes is on his way now. It will be an interesting and beautiful occasion." And so it proved. The Governor's party and our own met en route, and we were greeted by the entire school of several hundred children and the staff of teachers, gathered in front of the commodious building. Mr. Ford had heralded our coming, and a brief programme was consequently prepared.

There were fifteen nationalities represented in the school, of every grade of color, and the words, "One Flag, One Country, One God," were repeated in English, Japanese, Chinese, Samoian and Hawaiian, the entire army of scholars pointing to the Star Spangled Banner with military precision, and religious solemnity, which impressed us deeply. Then the children marched into the schoolroom, and the principal made a brief and touching reference to Princess Kaiulani, and presented Governor Frear, who read my little tribute to the royal maid's memory with much feeling.

Handsome, famous and popular Jack Atkinson also made an address suitable to the occasion. Afterward Mr. Holmes aimed his moving picture camera at the party as it emerged from the school followed by 500 children; while Mr. Ford's genial face beamed with approval because there was "something doing."

A curious and pathetic character in Honolulu is a mildly demented Hawaiian, who for a period of five years or more has spent a portion of each day worshipping before the Statue of King Kamehameha which stands in Capitol Square.

At certain hours of the day he is always to be found there, standing or sitting, and frequently kneeling to kiss the bronze feet of the statue.

I had never chanced to see the man, and expressing a wish to do so, Mr. Ford immediately planned to gratify my curiosity. "Why, he is an old friend of mine," he said, "and this is just about the hour he will be at his self-imposed duty. Let us walk around and see."

And sure enough, there was the crouching figure sitting at a short distance from the statue gazing at it with adoring eyes. A simple, vapid, inoffensive face turned at Mr. Ford's greeting, and smiled an empty smile; but no words issued from the weak mouth.

Led by our irrepressible conductor to the street corner where I stood, the pathetic lunatic stood staring idly into space while Himself snapped his camera on the three of us, greatly to his own delight. Himself remarked it was hard to decide which simpleton looked most simple at that particular moment.

All that Mr. Ford had planned for a "moving picture" on the departure of the boat the next

day occurred, just according to his directions. There were 67 passengers leaving Honolulu, and each passenger wore at least one "lei" on his hat, and another on his neck, the gift of friendship; and some of us were walking flower shops. I staggered under wreaths that hung from my hat, neck, shoulders and arms, almost all composed of the beautiful yellow flowers known to be my favorite Hawaiian bloom.

Mr. Ford had brought up ten native diving boys, clothed only in a loin cloth and wreaths; and these boys presented me with their flowers, and received a wreath from me in return. Mr. Holmes' camera was busily at work, and the Hawaiian band was playing "Aloha Oi." The sun was radiant, friends were everywhere, and the scene was one never to be forgotten.

"Himself" was keeping out of the range of the camera and watching the scene from nearby cover, and then the boat sailed out, and we flung some of our wreaths back to friends on the pier, and the diving boys began their wonderful leaps into the clear waters of the harbor after coppers. The most daring leaped from the top of the masts, a distance of 60 feet, their lithe brown bodies keeping erect in the descent to the sea, and reappearing after a moment's submersion, holding the coin high in air and clamoring for more as they swam beside the ship far out into the bay.



HONOLULU.—HERSELF AND AH-LUI.

Aloha Oi, lovely Honolulu. Still faithful to the belief that Jamaica was more beautiful in scenery and climate than Honolulu and its environs, we yet acknowledged the deeper charm in the Hawaiian life. Its pleasures, its people, its sights and sounds, all lent greater interest to our winter's sojourn than those we had found in any other land.

The Hawaiian National Song of Greeting and Farewell

ALOHA OE

By H. M. Queen Liliuokalani

p solo

1. Ha - a - - heo ka u - a i - - na pa - - li Ke
 2. Proud-ly swept the rain cloud by the cliff As

nihī a - e - la ka - na - he - - le E ha - ha - i a - na i - - ka
 or it eli - ded through the trees Still fol - low - ing with grief the

li - - ko fu-a a - - hi - hi le - hu - a o a - - - ka
 li - - : ko he a - - bi - hi - le nua of the vale.

Chorus

A - lo - ha oe a - lo - ha oe E ke o - na - o - na no - ho i - ka li - - po A
 farwell to thee fare-well to, thee Thou charming one who dwells among the bow - - ers, One

fond em - brace a - ho - i a - e au Un - til we meet a - gain.
 And eu - brace be - fore I now de - part Un - til we meet. a - gain.

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JAMAICA AGAIN

It was early in September that Himself suggested our third winter cruise in the West Indies, beginning with Jamaica, and ending in Bermuda, and with the gap between to be filled in by such of the greater and lesser Antilles, as time and ship service permitted.

It was on January 9th that we embarked at New York on the English Royal Mail ship *Tagus*, with the dear and bright goal of Port Antonio again our destination.

Never was there a prettier winter day shining over Manhattan Island than that January 9th, and never were there four days of fairer sailing on smooth seas. Our dream of arriving in our beloved port and seeing it at radiant moon or gorgeous sunset, ended in coming into East Harbor at nine o'clock in starless darkness, and groping our way down the ladder and into the small launch by the flickering artificial light. East Harbor at Port Antonio never seemed habitable to me; always it suggested the back yard; and though Hotel Titchfield is architecturally beautiful from every approach, yet its stately front entrance is as much more attractive than its back door, as a beautiful woman's face

appeals more than her coil of back hair. Nevertheless it was a joy to again enter its fair halls through any door, to look down its cool green vistas and out upon its spacious balconies and to be greeted by old friends in office, elevator and dining room. And it was a joy to be shown into our dear old room, and to look out on that exquisite remembered panorama, and to be able to say with the same conviction on the spot which had actuated us at a distance, "Yes, Port Antonio is the most beautiful place we have ever seen."

And we had seen much of the world and many places, in the three intervening years since our last visit to Jamaica. A few hours later another haunting memory was revived, as drifting into our open windows came the clear childlike voice calling, "Neenah, Neenah, Neenah!"

It was our parrot friend, still living and still calling, and all unconscious that we had remembered her voice in its varying range of harmonies and discords for three years. And now we seemed to have taken up our life again just where we left it before, its broken chords becoming a harmony by the voice of "Neenah."

We had planned to visit many new places in Jamaica, to take many jaunts and to become acquainted with regions still unfamiliar to us; but the lotus spell of Hotel Titchfield seized

upon us, and we lived our month of days as in a trance. We drove to "Blue Hole," and renewed our acquaintance with its interesting chatelaine, Dame Fisher; and we met her great niece, a pretty brown girl of fourteen, who told us she was reading Lorna Doone, and who discussed it more understandingly than any white girl of that age we had ever known. She was a pupil of Mr. Plant, that second Booker Washington, whose influence in developing the best in his people, is more far reaching than even he knows.

One day we decided to go in state and call on "Neenah." Thus far she had been to us a voice only, but a voice that was so "temperamental," so vibrant and full of harmony, that it had followed us over seas and through strange lands. Now we were determined to see the feathered source of this voice. A bright American girl joined us as we sallied forth, and when we told her of our errand she said, "How embarrassing it would be if you found it was not a parrot after all, but somebody's half-witted child you were listening to all these years."

However, no such embarrassment assailed us, but "Polly" herself in splendid feather peered at us from between the bars of a great cage, standing in a covered arbor at the rear of one of the nearby bungalows. So large and roomy

was the cage, that I felt like blessing the invalid lady who had provided so decent a home for her prisoned pet. The cruelty and lack of humanity which the average civilized Christian shows toward caged birds, puts them on a level with savages, who torture shipwrecked mariners. The canary bird, born for generations in captivity, may find moments of joy in life in such cramped quarters as those usually given him, but the parrot born free, and brought from his native forests to a life of solitary confinement in a cage, must suffer unrecognized agonies in his narrow quarters. The parrot is by nature a social and domestic bird, and can we wonder if he becomes petulant and often vicious in the life forced upon him?

Added to other indignities, the parrot, no matter whether male or female, is invariably dubbed "Polly!"

"Neenah" surveyed us gravely, with her head on one side, walking from wire to wire in peculiar parrot fashion. Not a word would she utter, and in her unfathomable eyes I vainly sought the history of her past and the identity of that "Neenah" to whom she perpetually called each afternoon.

Afterward, some indiscreet person with the hammer which destroys illusions, tried to convince me that it was "Amelia" which the parrot

called. Now science tells us that were there no ears there would be no sound. Therefore to our ears "Neenah" had become an accustomed beloved sound; and so whatever the oldest resident of Port Antonio may say, our parrot's afternoon call is "Neenah."

Once we drove—a party of 24 in all—through seven miles of gorgeous mountain scenery, to the Rio Grande River, where twelve bamboo rafts and twelve ebony colored raftsmen waited, to take us on a two hours' jaunt down the river. Through swift rapids and around sharp curves, swirling near the rocky walls in places, and often wet to the cuticle by the unapologizing waves, the rafting trip down the Rio Grande proved novel and enlightening, beside revealing new phases of the never-ending beauties of Jamaican scenery.

One day we were visitors during a session of the Court in Port Antonio.

A Chinaman, a Coolie, and several Negroes were sworn. The colored men kissed the Bible; the Coolie took his oath over a glass of water, swearing "By the Sacred Waters of the Ganges," and the Chinaman lighted a taper and blew it out, signifying that he desired to be so extinguished from existence, if he swore falsely.

And then the three of them proceeded to swear to such contradictory statements, that all

of them left the impression on their listeners of appalling liars.

The trial was of a Coolie man, for having sold rum on Sunday; and after the confusing array of testimony, we went forth believing that however temperate or intemperate, guilty or not guilty the parties concerned might be, that all were absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the word TRUTH.

We were reminded of the impression given by an eminent English author a hundred years ago, regarding the lack of truthfulness among slaves. He said religion, which had only been recently taught the Negroes, seemed to culminate in an idea that they could swear to a lie to incriminate an enemy, and that kissing the Bible justified the act.

With the exception of these experiences, our month at Port Antonio was but a repetition of pleasures enjoyed before, yet none the less sweet and memorable; perhaps the more so from repetition, as a lace handkerchief taken from a perfumed box and sprayed with sweet scents gives forth double fragrance.

Every evening after sundown, walking along the spacious porticos of Hotel Titchfield, we were bathed in such delicious odors, that our curiosity led us to investigation of the source of the incomparably seductive smells. We found they

arose from bushes growing profusely about the lawns, the "Night Jessamine," so called because this spiced flower gives out its fragrance only after nightfall.

The weather during the month of our third year in Jamaica sadly misbehaved. We had eleven days of continuous clouds without any sun; the thermometer fell as low as 63 degrees one night, and remained at 67 all one day; and for eight days there was continuous rain. We did not mind it ourselves; with our delightful surroundings, our books, our writing, and our philosophy of enjoyment of the "Now," we were well contented. But we were unwilling that transient guests should see our much-lauded winter Eden with a veil over her face. We felt as a fond parent feels when a pretty child misbehaves before company.

There was, beside the weather, a shadow over Jamaica; the shadow of Messina, Sicily. Because of that recent catastrophe, the world remembered anew the disaster which had befallen Kingston two years before; and hundreds of travellers who had planned a tour in the West Indies, abandoned the idea, fearing to enter what is believed to be the Earthquake Zone. Many friends wrote us expostulating letters on the subject. But we are not of "those who through fear of death do all their lives enter into

bondage." It is foolhardy to build a home at the side of an extinct volcano; but it is weak to fear an excursion to that volcano, lest it awake to new life at that moment and swallow us.

In all the annals of history, Port Antonio never suffered serious damage through earthquake or tidal wave. At the time of Kingston's great calamity, Port Antonio only shuddered in sympathy. Beautiful Hotel Titchfield groaned, and for a moment writhed in anguish. But that was all. No buildings fell, no lives were lost. Therefore, though this winter was one succession of earthquake shocks in various parts of the globe, we felt no fear at Port Antonio.

A man of my acquaintance once wrote an absurd quatrain which read:

"What is to be is sure to be,
Whenever it comes to pass,
And what can't be, will never be,
And so keep off the grass."

We applied this philosophy, and so kept off the grass of Fear in the West Indies.

Among the pleasant people met at the Titchfield, the noteworthy couple was Sir Henry and Lady Blake. Sir Henry was for eight years Governor of Jamaica, and dearly loved by its people. He had also been Governor of Ceylon,

and the Bermudas, and was now visiting in the West Indies. It was our privilege to enjoy several conversations with both Sir Henry and his wife; and it was a delight to find them both as cultured, broad minded, liberal, tolerant and appreciative as their advantages in life had been unusual.

This is not always the case; one frequently finds people who have had great opportunities in the way of wealth, travel and association with humanity at large, who have become merely bundles of conceit and intolerance and silly pride, but this more frequently occurs among the "new rich" and those whose successes have come in one generation, than among those born to honors.

An American who feels any pride in his own country and any desire to maintain that pride, is constantly subjected to painful awakenings if he travels about the world.

Whether in the Winter or Summer resort hotels of his own or foreign lands, he is sure to encounter the type of American which puts our country in an unenviable light in the eyes of cultured foreigners.

"The type" is scarcely comprehensive enough to cover the ground; for America can produce more types of unpleasant personalities than any other land on earth, probably because of the mixed bloods running riot in American veins.

First and flamboyantly foremost of the types met in travel is the suddenly rich family. The fortune may have been enjoyed ten, fifteen, twenty years, but it was acquired after habits had been formed and manners had been permitted to go untrained, and the prominence of wealth inspired no ambition save for display. Mr. and Mrs. Sudden Rich indulge in morning jewels, in many motors and yachts, and they may be seen walking out of the dining rooms of the best hotels and parading the verandas violently brandishing the toothpick.

No amount of travel, sight-seeing and opportunities for improving their minds and manners succeeds in changing the vulgarity of their deportment. They boast always and everywhere of the superiority of America over every other country, and talk much of their possessions and the cost of living.

Almost as offensive and more exasperating is the moneyed family which stands "first" socially in some small American town, and which has enjoyed, and used to a certain degree, opportunities for a superficial kind of education and culture—the education which leads to the proper use of nouns, verbs and adjectives, and the culture which includes a few social accomplishments but which leaves heart and soul untouched, and the mind only awakened to petty personal ambitions and to inordinate conceit.

It is impossible for the big family in a small town, as a rule, to grasp the idea that its position in the great world is about as important as the position of a fly on the Eiffel Tower. Such a family in a resort hotel is sure to hold itself apart, to draw a line marked "exclusive" about itself, and to ignore the polite bow and smile which every well-bred foreigner or American traveller accords to the transient visitor at hotel tables, or in casual encounters. It does not realize that this haughty and exclusive air at once brands it as provincial and limited in its horizon. Never is the thorough cosmopolitan of wide experience, and of sure social position, detected in assuming this silly and pretentious attitude of unapproachable exclusiveness, toward fellow travellers. It always emanates from the village "leader" who has been too self-centered, and too self-satisfied with small triumphs, to realize how large is the world and how the greatest thing in the world, is kindness in the small occurrences of life. Young women of this type abound in America, and their especial occupation in travel is always evident, and often audible, criticism of other travellers.

It never occurs to them or to their parents and guardians that a higher type of womanhood and a better phase of Christianity would be shown by a gracious word, a pleasant look and a

kindly act toward humanity. Only in America does this young woman prevail; but she prevails to an alarming extent; and she marries (because in her town and "set" is always found some admirer of the "position" of her family), and she grows into maturity without ever discovering how unfounded are her airs, and how unlovable are her qualities; and she brings into the world another generation which becomes more arrogant than herself with unaccountable conceit and unfounded pride. This type of woman is almost invariably prominent in her church, and a "Lady Bountiful" where charity can increase her opportunities to shine in a limited horizon.

The arrogance of royalty and titles in European lands is often spoken of with scorn in America; but how much more ridiculous and presumptuous is the arrogance of money and a pigmy position in a small American town! It is no wonder that our foreign neighbors laugh our pretensions to an "aristocracy" to scorn when they are based on such tottering and flimsy claims to human superiority.

There is only one "superior" quality in the world—and that is worth of character. When we find this, coupled with brain, education, refinement and culture, we have a foundation for "aristocracy." If wealth—clean wealth—is

added, it gives elegance to the aristocracy; just as good clothing enhances beauty of person, but does not create it.

In an empire or a monarchy, servility is born and bred in the minds of the masses toward the aristocracy. No one stops to inquire into the claim of a Lord, a Prince or a Duchess to assume a superior air. But so confident are these people, as a rule, of their position, that they usually leave such airs to the small tradesman, or Manufacturer away from home.

In a journey through many lands the most unapproachable fellow traveller encountered was an American heiress; and the most affable and agreeable woman was the daughter of a long line of titles.

It is not our very rich—our multimillionaires in America—who are doing the most to create class distinctions in our republic.

Many of these people have had sufficient experience in the world to realize their own limitations, and to make them agreeable men and women to encounter casually. In their large charities they come often to an understanding of human nature which is educational.

But it is the newly rich folk of the smaller towns, people who never see Newport or upper Fifth avenue, and know New York only as shopping guests at the Waldorf-Astoria twice a

year, who adopt the most intolerable airs at home and abroad, and who wrap themselves about with a mantle of exclusiveness; and these are the people who slowly but surely are bringing about the American Revolution.

In every interior town, especially the manufacturing towns, of America they are found by the score, forming what they believe to be the "smart set" of their city; wearing modish clothes, driving in motors, talking airily about "common people," criticising their neighbors, and by every refinement of cruelty endeavoring to put down any aspirant for social honor or intellectual supremacy who is not in their "set."

The Czar of Russia, the Kaiser of Germany and the King of England combined, would not attempt such royal airs as these sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters of successful tradesmen and manufacturers when traveling in their own land or abroad.

Ridiculous, pitiful and absurd as they make themselves in the eyes of a discriminating public, yet they are powerful enough to affect the struggling masses as a slow match affects a fuse. And some day the explosion will come.

It will not be the "Muck Rakers" or "yellow journalism" which will bring this explosion; it will be the intolerable insolence of the small rich people of America, stirring to indignation and

resentment the striving masses of this great republic, which is a republic only in name.

A dinner was given Sir Henry Blake at the Titchfield and the proprietor asked me to write a few appropriate lines for decorating the menu. I was told that Sir Henry had built many miles of good roads and many great bridges while in office, that he was the best friend Jamaica ever had, and that he was himself devotedly fond of the Island. Limited to 12 lines and a brief space of time the following verslet resulted:

JAMAICA.

The fairest Island in the seas,
The darling of the sun,
Her friends abide on every side,
But in her heart dwells one
Who loves her for her own dear sake—
Blake! Blake! Blake!
He decked her with colossal gifts
And flung them at her feet;
He showed her worth to all the earth,
In splendid bridge and street;
Then let his name the echoes wake—
Blake! Blake! Blake!

It was beautifully printed and set in an exquisite menu card, by the inimitable genius, Mr. Hadley, and was taken away as a souvenir by the thirty men guests at the dinner.

When Lincoln's birthday, February 12th, came, Mr. Hadley again appealed to me to aid him in making a souvenir menu for dinner. The verses written below were written while he held the forms for them:

LINCOLN, FEBRUARY 12, 1809-1909.

When God created this good world,
A few stupendous peaks were hurled
From His strong hand; and they remain
The wonder of the level plain.
But these colossal heights are rare,
While shifting sands are everywhere.

So with the race. The centuries pass,
And nations fall like leaves of grass.
They die—forgotten and unsung.
While straight from God some souls are flung
To live, immortal and sublime.
So lives great Lincoln for all time.

SLAVE TIME IN JAMAICA.

When we go no farther back than 100 years and read the story of slavery in Jamaica, we can but wonder at the great achievements of the negro race since its emancipation in 1839. From various ports in Africa, 408,000 negroes were brought to Jamaica and enslaved in a space of 48 years.

Thousands of these were enticed on ships by the gifts of beads, belts, and gew-gaws, only to find when they attempted to return to shore that they were sailing out on wide seas to foreign lands, the property of white abductors.

The cruelty which existed on these slave ships reads like some monstrous fiction of a diseased brain.

Yet it is historical truth, that men and women were packed like sardines into these slave ships, pinioned by their arms beneath a rail built for that purpose, and so conveyed across high seas, in sailing vessels crowded to their capacity.

That the majority were wild savages and many of them cannibals, is also true; and that in the long run the great law of compensation will do its work, in bringing these people out of the darkness of ignorance into the light of education, is also true; but this does not excuse the white man from the wholly selfish, brutal and mercenary methods which actuated him in first bringing the negroes to our shores.

In a government report from Jamaica occurs the following sentence referring to the large slave trade:

“What a field is here opened to display the comforts and blessings of life, which this commerce distributes among so many industrious subjects of the mother country.”

Unquestionably, the majority of slave holders were kind in their treatment of them. Slaves were well fed, well housed, and well cared for when ill, and not over-worked.

But wherever slavery exists, cruelty in human nature is developed; since to be a profitable trade, it necessitates buying and selling, and an indifference to family ties and human affections. When the selling of slaves to other countries fell from 5,000 to 2,500 in four years, in Jamaica, consternation in "trade" prevailed.

Slaves were inventoried, and advertised for sale along with mules and donkeys; and they were generally believed to be without souls.

In 1816 the English author of that famous old book, "The Monk" (known since as Monk Lewis), visited Jamaica to investigate the condition of estates to which he had fallen heir.

The subject of slavery was new to him, and a perusal of his diary is interesting. He regarded the negroes as human beings, and bemoaned the fact that he found his slaves ignorant of a God or a future life, and that not one of his 300 slaves could read a line.

Speaking of their immorality, and their light view of robbery or murder, and their disregard of the truth, he said: "It appears to me that the only means of giving the negro morality is through the medium of education."

He found Voodooism generally prevailing, and the fear of the "Obeah" man taking place of fear of a divine being.

He also found cruel masters in many places in Jamaica. Mr. Lewis was himself notably kind, and abolished the use of the whip on his plantations, and discharged all overseers who were detected in any unkindness toward the slaves.

He relates the story of one planter named Bedford, who was a human monster. Indulging in all kinds of cruelties to his slaves, he sent those doomed to a mortal illness, to a remote spot known as "The Gully," where they were left to die uncared for, thus saving him the expense of medical attendance and burial.

One such victim, however, recovered sufficiently to make his escape and to obtain his freedom, after which Mr. Bedford endeavored to reclaim his services, but public indignation caused him to desist, which goes to prove that such monsters were exceptional.

But other cases of inhuman treatment of slaves occurred, and caused many slaves to attempt escape from their masters.

In 1800, one Pluto, a powerful negro accused of being an "Obeah" man, escaped to the mountains, taking several women with him, and establishing a robbers' cave and harem, which

gradually grew in numbers and force, until it menaced the surrounding plantations. At night Pluto descended, and robbed and plundered homes and individuals, and usually carried away with him another wench to fortify his harem. Through his love for rum, he was finally captured and executed as an "Obeah" man. Presuming upon the fear he had inspired in this respect, he asserted on the day of his execution, that he had arranged with destiny to bring a devastating storm to Jamaica; and that he had cast a spell upon the jailer, who would not survive the year.

Oddly enough the worst storm of a decade of years laid waste Jamaica plantations; and perhaps this fact helped to further frighten the jailer, who died before the new year.

Although this occurred in the year 1800, yet in this year of 1909, after the Church of England has recognized that negroes have souls, and after the Wesleyan Evangelists, schools, and freedom for half a century, have all done their work, yet Vaudouxism still exists in Jamaica.

It is an evil which dies slowly, and only increased and enforced opportunities for education can stamp it out.

Lady Nugent, wife of the Governor General of Jamaica 1801 to 1806, speaks with regret in

her journal of the immoral effect upon white men produced by slavery, and Mr. Lewis seems startled by discovery that all his white overseers and bookkeepers had their favorite colored "housekeepers" with variegated shades of children and often their unconcealed harems. The custom of colored mistresses of white men engaged in Jamaican enterprises has not ceased; but is less openly indulged, in this era.

The clarification of color in Jamaica is given as follows:

A white man and negress produce a mulatto.

A white man and mulatto, produce a terceron.

A white man and terceron produce a quarteron.

A white man and quarteron produce a quin-teron.

After that, all are legally considered white and during slavery times were free born.

It is stated as an established fact that two mulattoes cannot produce offspring. The legitimacy of any child born to such a union is questioned. Either mulatto, married to a white, or to a negro, however, becomes fertile.

It was the rule of plantations in Jamaica during slavery times, that the mulatto boys and girls should not become field hands, but that the boys should learn trades and the girls act as house maids. So from the beginning, there

was an incentive for the black women to become the mistresses of white men.

Slavery was the friend to promiscuous association of the sexes; Women slaves were censured if they did not breed children as often as nature allowed, and marriage bonds were not known among them.

Can we wonder then, that it remains a difficult matter, after the lapse of so short a period of time, to inculcate moral ideas of the relation of the sexes in these people?

Naturally strong in their animal instincts, inheriting wild and untrammelled impulses from their African forbears, and license and lawlessness from their white progenitors, should we not feel it incumbent upon us to give them every opportunity, with time and patience to reach a higher state of development?

They did not become citizens of our world through their own will or wish; they were stolen from their own country. They were kept in ignorance and bondage; they were encouraged in immorality, and now in a half century we suddenly become hypothetically proper and moral and cry out against the instincts of the colored race, which we declare are quite beyond the reach of education.

"It is a race apart by itself," we say.

But while this is true, we are responsible for

this race in our world. We must suffer the consequences of our own enormous misdeeds toward this race.

In education lies the only key to the awful problem.

A fine line of distinction is drawn in the use of terms referring to dark skinned people of the West Indies, and the United States. The negroes are the pure blooded Africans. The colored people are those in whose veins the blood of white men runs riot.

Curiously enough, the colored people feel themselves superior in every respect to their black kinsmen. The lighter their color, the greater their pride, and yet the black African represents a purer race-type and has a more moral pedigree, once we stop to analyze the conditions surrounding each.

The recent discovery of a buried city in Abyssinia, of artistic and architectural beauty, shows that the ancient race of Negroes possessed originality and constructive ability, and culture.

These qualities are curiously lacking in the full blooded black people of Jamaica and the United States. When Jamaica was owned by the English and Spanish sugar planters, and when it was a port for the great trading ships of the world, its natural beauties were supple-

mented by handsome and stately residences. Now one may drive or motor for an entire day about the Island, and see scarcely a residence that is distinguished for its beauty or attractiveness. Only a few ruins even remain of the historic mansions, while here and there, scattered over the Island, are the broken walls and foundations of old sugar mills. The chimney of one of these, from which stately trees are growing, is one of the picturesque sights of Jamaica.

The dreadful squalor of the houses in which the peasant population of Jamaica lives, is one of the most discouraging features of the colored problem. Hundreds of the aboriginal grass thatched huts are to be seen in a drive through the mountains and valleys; but less picturesque and more unsightly are the hovels which serve as residences in the villages and along the road side.

The town of Port Antonio despite its glorious situation, is disgraceful in its delapidation. Many of Jamaica's villages are a blight on the face of beautiful nature. Even the well-to-do colored people who have progressed financially and intellectually, toward a better civilization, lack home making ideas.

In the house of one such woman, who was pursuing a successful business, and whose sur-

roundings indicated prosperity, torn cheap lace curtains, and soiled wood work (which would have been white with the application of soap and water) rendered the drawing room hideous. Glimpses into bungalows and cabins by the wayside, while driving or walking, invariably reveal disorder and dirt. Yet there are exceptions to this rule; in one little mountain cabin five miles from a village I saw order, neatness and good taste displayed in the arrangement and decorations of the home; and love, courtesy and refinement characterized the deportment of the hostess. A resident of the Island tells me there is a marked improvement noticeable during the last 20 years, but improved conditions ought to be the prevailing ones, at this time, so many years after the burden of slavery was lifted from Jamaica. But educational opportunities have not been plentiful, and the taxation imposed by England, has been energy sapping and poverty breeding.

Divorce is not frequent among the colored people of Jamaica perhaps because so many people establish family relations, without observing the little ceremony of marriage. It is difficult to give the negro race ideals on this subject, and the large percentage of partly white children born each year to colored mothers indicates that the influence of the white man

is not absolutely toward morality: and always with pride, and never with shame, the colored mother displays her light skinned child, often remarking "His father was white."

The effect of Americans upon the Island of Jamaica, has been stimulating to trade, and to the development of its resources and industries. Jamaica owes a great debt of gratitude to Captain Baker, and to the United Fruit Company. But the American example has not been admirable in all respects, in its results, upon the colored people. It is a curious fact that wherever American feet make a beaten path, the flowers of economy, politeness and simplicity wither and die. On our first visit to the Island of Jamaica, the natives were noticeably polite and courteous; everyone encountered on mountain passes or in the village streets, courtesied, smiled, bowed, or spoke a pleasant word of greeting. Flowers were flung into carriages, and the present of a half penny or a penny gave delight. A copper was considered ample reward for posing for a kodac. Today they demand one or two shillings, for such a service; their flowers are no longer offered, and if bought, are placed at florist prices; and where ten gave the pleasant greeting as they passed, one gives it now.

America's brusque manners, and money standards have been adopted by them.

The rhetoric used by the colored people of even the most humble classes (for there are social grades there as elsewhere) is astonishing in its pedantic tendencies. In the United States, the same peculiar love for many syllabled words exists, among the negroes; but frequently (if not oftener) these words are improperly applied.

In Jamaica I seldom heard a long or unusual word misused; and I have stood in silent wonder while my chambermaid, or bell boy, made remarks which savored, in diction of a careful study of an Encyclopedia or Standard Dictionary.

In wider and more thorough educational advantages, lies the hope of the colored race both in America and the West Indies.

More money, more schools, more teachers, better salaries, is what the Island needs.

The East Indian Coolie population of Jamaica lends a most artistic touch to the monotony of the native type: slender limbed, delicately formed people, with clear cut handsome faces, eyes of great lustre, and long straight hair, their attire adds to their attractions. The men are clothed in a one-piece graceful garment, which was once white, and may probably become so again in time; and if by chance you see it when first donned, it makes a pleasing picture

finished by the turban head dress. The deer-like legs and slim feet are bare. The Coolie women are rarely as handsome as the men; but they present the appearance always of having prepared themselves for a costume ball. Their gay colored skirts, and long mantle falling from the crown of the head to below the waist, makes a most effective picture. Anklets of silver, bracelets below and above the elbow, necklaces, and "brow laces" and ear rings, leave still another place to decorate. The left nostril is bored, and a jewel is inserted. The workmanship of this jewelry is fine and odd, and it is hand executed, and is largely sought by tourists.

THE CRUISE AND THE CIRCUS.

There came a day, when at the end of a month, the lotus dream, of pleasure and peace, at Port Antonio, was broken; and we awoke to the realization that we were to exchange the luxurious comforts of Hotel Titchfield, for the uncertain accommodations, of a Cruising merchant steamer. Much as I love sailing forth to new ports, with no purpose and no responsibility, save to follow where Himself leads, yet this giving up of the flesh pots of Egypt, cost me an effort. It was the beginning of the very gayest season of the winter; and brilliant functions, dear to my frivolous feminine heart, all culminating in a costume ball, had to be sacrificed, together with our delightful quarters, and homey associations.

Nevertheless I packed away all fair raiment, in what we termed "The Bermuda Arc," and bravely set forth with as little baggage as decency and cleanliness would permit, to take passage on "The President."

It was an eighteen hundred ton boat, with only fourteen first-class state rooms; and it was bound for St. Thomas, and would make three ports in Haiti, two in Santo Domingo and two

in Porto Rico, taking on cargoes of coffee, cocoa, sugar, tobacco and cotton.

All these places were but names and dots on maps to me; and there was a certain pleasurable excitement, once we embarked, in knowing that we were to see these "dots" develop into actual localities. Our little boat proved to be spic and span in cleanliness; and our stateroom was far more comfortable than many a one we had occupied on larger ships. But the "Ladies' cabin" was like a doll's house; the deck space was limited; and the dining saloon seemed more suited to a boarding house than to an ocean steamship, carrying tourists and pleasure seekers.

Every stateroom, first and second class, was filled, and down stairs were twenty-six steerage passengers all belonging to one family of Spanish Gypsies en route for Santo Domingo, accompanied by two trained bears and a monkey.

Soon after sailing from Kingston Harbor, the story was abroad that our passenger list included a circus company on a winter business trip in the West Indies.

We began looking about among the thirty or more passengers, trying to identify in our own minds, those people we have all been accustomed to see from circus stalls, but have seldom observed at closer range.

Sorry indeed is the lot of one who has never known the joy and excitement of a first circus; and but half lived in emotion, has been the life of any man or woman, who has not at some early period of existence, contemplated with ecstasy, the possibility of running away from home, and becoming an expert bareback and trapeze performer.

There had been such a period in my own childhood, and I recalled the thrill which traversed my small frame, when I imagined reaching such perfection in my (mentally) chosen career, that, attired in a spangled gown, I could stand, poised stork like, on a flying steed, and kiss my fingers to a wildly applauding audience.

And now here I was, cheek to jowl with these very performers who had been my early envy.

But how to locate them? A rough sea caused the usual disappearance of the majority of women passengers for a day or two, but before they disappeared I had seen a pale and tired looking woman, of fragile physique, sitting on deck, and giving a Radiant Baby his natural sustenance in the natural way, and near her stood a proud looking young father, watching the proceeding with a contented smile.

Then the pale little mother disappeared, but the Radiant Baby, whose name was nothing less than Virgil, was carried about by the proud

father, and again by a quiet and dignified woman, who proved to be the Radiant Baby's aunt; and whose vigorous young daughter of twelve looked like a blond Hebe in spectacles.

Rumor had it that these were all circus people: but as for us, we classified them as the mother, and the father, and the aunt, and the cousin of the Radiant Baby, Virgil, who had become the ship's baby and everybody's darling.

So amiable and philosophical a baby of six months, not to mention his precocity, never lived before, I am sure. Temperamental, too, was he; and wise in color lore. Always springing to my arms with adorable smiles, once he drew back with quivering lips and refused my embrace. "Because," explained his father, "you are wearing a black gown, and Virgil strongly disapproves of black."

Then there was the handsome young French girl, with the face one finds on an old Greek coin, and her stalwart Italian husband: a model pair quietly devoted. And there was the big, good-natured man, who was Virgil's uncle-in-law, and a boy Adonis who was his own uncle, and the elderly man with a sober face, all said to be "circus people." But we got none of the spirit of the circus of our youthful remembrance from these everyday folk, with their family ties and their quiet ways.

Down stairs, in the steerage, were six milk-white horses and two weirdly intellectual mules, all part of the same company.

And then one night, after a whole week of cruising, and stopping at strange ports, and going ashore in small boats, we came to Santo Domingo, close alongside the big pier, and we heard much movement and stir; and the beautiful milk-white horses and wise mules came forth and were led away and we were told the "Circus" was going to give a performance in town that night.

A few hours later we were sitting in a "private" stall, close to the improvised circus ring, and the band was blaring, and the circus "supers" were bringing out a big globe and putting up a "teter board" (such as we had, of old, numbered among our most valued possessions in childhood), and suddenly out came a dainty little figure, all in white silk tights, and with a bravely plumed hat set well back on her small head. Lightly as a feather she floated upon this globe and began to roll it under her slender feet up the length of the "teter board" and down again, all the while smiling and blowing kisses to the audience of variegated colors.

Now, wonderful to relate it was no other than the tired and fragile little mother of the Radiant Baby Virgil.

Then out came the whitest of all the milk white horses; and into the ring that object of childhood's mingled fear and admiration, the "Ring Master," with his cracking whip, and next, before our wondering eyes, leaped the agile form of "the most famous and fearless bareback rider of the world," a woman in a spangled gown. The Ring Master, the ogre of our childhood, cracked his whip, the milk-white horse accelerated his rapid pace, the "most famous woman equestrienne of the world" pursued him with the fleetness of a deer; she grasped his flowing mane with one hand, and lo! she stood poised upon his back on one foot and smiled and waved gay hands to the audience, even as I had dreamed of doing in a dim past, my noble ambition flagging only at thought of the terrible Ring Master.

And now behold! Here was the Ring Master! no longer an ogre, but the kind husband of the equestrienne and the good-natured uncle-in-law of the Radiant Baby; and "the most famous woman bareback expert in the world," who was she? Alas! not the mysterious fairy of our childhood's dreams, who had run away from a common-place home of wealth, to enter on the wonderful and exciting career of the circus as of old we love to think of her.

She was, in sooth, no other than the amiable, middle-aged aunt of the Radiant Baby and the

mother of the blond Hebe in spectacles—the blond Hebe, who had shown us to our reserved box—all unconscious that her voluptuous young beauty was drawing the bold glances of many men of mixed bloods in the motley throng which composed the Santo Domingian circus audience.

And then came two special acts in quick succession; an expert tight-rope performance, in which a young Adonis distinguished himself by dancing the Merry Widow waltz on a taut wire, and the conquest of the weirdly intellectual trick mule, by an acrobat in a mask and bag; and these marvellous beings proved to be just the proud father and the fond young uncle of the Radiant Baby Virgil!

Next came the handsome young French girl with the face of a Greek coin; and her stalwart Italian husband, both handsomer and more classic than ever, in their flesh-colored-tights; and what feats of prowess were theirs; performances calling for strength and agility, which must have required the unremitting labor of a lifetime. To me there has always been something admirable and beautiful, in this domination of the human body by the will, which sets itself the task, and never falters in the effort toward attainment.

The intellectual feats of genius do not stir me with the same enthusiasm which the trained acrobat inspires.

For rarely does the intellectual genius owe his accomplishments so much to persistent effort, and unremitting will power, as does the athlete and the acrobat. Oftimes too, we find the literary, the artistic, and the musical genius, a self indulgent gourmand, or a sensual sot; but never the acrobat, for control of the body necessitates control of the appetites and passions.

After we had all embarked again upon our ship, I talked with the circus performers of their work, and interesting it proved, to listen to their histories and their ambitions, and to obtain their point of view.

The woman bareback rider and her two young brothers had been born in the circus ring, so to speak.

Their father was an old circus man, and he began to train his children for the work in their infancy. The aunt of the Radiant Baby had made her first appearance as a bareback rider at the age of eight, and the wire-walker and the ruler of the trick mule were acrobats at ten.

The equestrienne had reached a time of life when she was longing for a more peaceful existence. She hoped to soon retire. No, she had not educated her daughter, the blond Hebe, for the "profession." Neither had her brother any intention of educating the Radiant Baby, or Miss Golden Locks (Virgil's eight-year-old sister) for the circus life.

"Not because we think our profession isn't good enough for children," said Virgil's father, with a certain proud defence in his voice, "but because there is no longer any demand for quality in our line of work; circus managers want only quantity.

"We have given our lives to making ourselves experts in the business. But along comes some Cheap Jack who has trained for six weeks in a circus act, and he gets as big a salary as the best artist among us; it's discouraging, and we don't want our children to go into it."

Meanwhile never was the double influence of inheritance and example more fully illustrated than in Miss Golden Locks.

Other little maidens on the ship walked up stairs; she bounded; other little maids stepped over door sills, she leaped; and from every possible pendant thing she improvised a trapeze or a turning-bar and swung herself in midair.

And the Radiant Baby? With the vigor of the bullfighter in his six-months' spine and a world of ambition in his precocious eyes, can even the classic name of Virgil keep him from the profession of an acrobat?

To the girl with the face of the Greek coin I said: "You must long at times for a quiet life and to give up this gypsying career and all your hard work."

She looked at me in astonishment. "Never," she replied, "whenever I have an idle week I am ennuied, bored; I love the life."

"You have been long in it?" I asked.

"Always," she answered. "My grandparents and my parents were all acrobats. I cannot remember when I began to train for this life. And I have always loved it. I would not want any other work."

Then I asked the father of the Radiant Baby about his wife. "Was she born in the profession?" I queried, "like you and your sister and the French girl?"

"Oh, dear no," he answered. "She was a school teacher when I married her. Not until after our little girl was born did she think of such a thing as becoming one of us; she grew very lonesome with my long absence, and one day she told me she was practicing a circus act; and so she learned the globe-rolling turn, and that gave her a chance to be with me."

Somehow the little story went to my heart. She was so frail and so timid; just a little every day sort of wife and mother, and I could imagine how she had fallen in love with the handsome young wire-walker and trapeze performer while the circus visited the country village where she taught school; and then came the lonely months of separation and the desire to be with her

husband; and then the wish to be of help, not hindrance; and so the little circus turn was evolved out of the heart of love.

A pretty little story surely; and all the prettier because the parties involved saw nothing unusual in it.

And the sober-faced elderly man we had seen about the ship!

Who was he?

Why, he was the Clown!

HAITI.

Whatever hope one may entertain for the future of the African race, after studying the conditions in the United States and Jamaica, a visit to Haiti leaves but one opinion possible.

There is small hope for the race save as it is guided, directed and assisted by the Anglo Saxons.

Haiti is the spot on which was erected the first European fort in the West Indies. It is called La Navidad or "The Nativity" in honor of the day Columbus came ashore at Guarico or Cape Haitian. This fort was destroyed and the garrison massacred, before the return of Columbus in 1494.

A colony of French people settled in Haiti later, and it became known as the "Little Paris of America" and was remarkable for its elegance and prosperity.

In 1697 the French had through treaty become possessed of large tracts of land and had established splendid plantations and imported negro slaves to work their estates. Extreme cruelty is related of these slave owners; and at the beginning of 1791, the negroes who had increased to a formidable army, combined in an



HAITI.—A SHOPPING STREET.



HAITI.—ONLY PIECE OF ART WORK.

insurrection, and attained, under the leadership of Toussant L'Overture, their freedom, and the ownership of Haiti. The French were massacred, and those who survived were driven out of the Island. Later Napoleon recaptured Haiti but was unable to retain it, and after years of bloody wars, and frightful atrocities, Haiti became finally the possession of the slaves; and it is today, after more than one hundred years, owned and ruled by the descendants of the slaves who were imported by the French.

Every right minded student of human nature, every lover of justice, must feel great sympathy for these people, and as he reads the history of Haiti, he must rejoice, theoretically, that the slaves obtained the Island.

But alas, and alas, for his state of mind when he visits Haiti and investigates the conditions which have been produced by this freedom of the Haitian negroes.

The splendid plantations of coffee, cotton, and dyewood, have become wild fields; the beautiful roads built by the French, are almost impassable for any but the pedestrian or equestrian; the strong bridges are broken and decayed, the cities where wealth, civilization, and commerce produced beauty and comforts, have degenerated into conglomerations of hovels, where filthy streets and filthier human beings

send foul stench to pollute the soft air. From the harbor these Haitian cities greet the eye, like exquisite pictures against the gorgeous background of mountain ranges; but approached they strike the nostrils and the vision with brutal disillusionment.

The old plantations of coffee and cotton remain the source of supply for the natives. Uncared for and uncultivated, yet so rich is the soil, and so wonderful the climate of Haiti, that the harvests are plentiful.

Those who care to work, go into the mountains and fields, and gather coffee, cotton and cocoa. These products are sold to the commission merchants, who are obliged to pay to the Government officials a duty of \$3 for every hundred pounds before exporting. This duty goes into the pockets of the officials; and so Haiti has no fund for keeping up its highways and its bridges, and no means for establishing a system of sewerage, or lighting its town with electricity.

The city of Jackmel (the second Haytian city in size) might be made one of the most exquisite and delightful winter resorts of the world, were America or England at the head of the Haitian government. The superb bay, is partially surrounded by coral reefs; the mountains rise behind it, magnetic, and alluring, the brilliant hued waters, afford amusement for the

lover of boating or fishing, but there is not where to lay the head, and scarcely where to set the foot, for any civilized being who wanders into Jacmel searching for comfort.

The Government provided Jacmel with an electric light plant, but there was not sufficient money to maintain it, or sufficient enterprise to insist upon its completion, and so it was abandoned after two weeks time, and its useless poles, unattached wires, and unlighted globes add to the general effect of ruin and dilapidation everywhere seen; testimonials to Haiti's lack of system.

No white man is allowed to own property, or to have a voice in the Government of Haiti.

A few strangers have succeeded in gaining some privileges, however, and wherever the white man's wedge has entered there may be seen progress and improvement.

In 1850 an exploring and enterprising Frenchman by the name of Vital came to Haiti. He liked the climate and he entered into arrangements with the natives which resulted in his being allowed certain concessions, enabling him to rent property and erect buildings. The finest and most attractive dry goods establishment in Jacmel is conducted by Madam Vital, and her goods are bought direct from Paris. All the children of this family have received an American and European education, and the

oldest son, Mr. I. B. Vital, has been for eight years the American Consul agent of Jacmel.

It was our privilege to drive with this cultured young man to his country house three miles from Jacmel, at Boudoin.

A more sylvan retreat with more alluring environments, could not be imagined; but the almost inaccessible roads made the journey painful for man and beast. These roads with ordinary care for the last half century, would have remained fine thoroughfares. French taste and cosmopolitan culture, were everywhere evident in both the town and country house of Mr. Vital; proving that enterprise, industry and a desire for beauty, can overcome even the seemingly insurmountable obstacles to comfort and cleanliness, which exist in Haiti.

The one newspaper published in Jacmel is "L' Abeille" (The Bee). It is a small four page weekly, and it breathes the spirit of progress, freedom and national pride.

In an editorial of last April it said: "We boldly stand for the interests of the people, and the country; not for those of a few individuals. Our financial conditions are not such as give us the influence which we desire, but it is gratifying to think that soon our country will manifest a notable amelioration of its troubles, and the cost of living will be lessened."

This hope was due to the faith which existed throughout Haiti in the honor and unselfishness of the new President Mr. Simon. Almost every one of the preceding rulers of the Black Republic has been exiled, assassinated, or driven to commit suicide by outraged and infuriated subjects.

The Republic has been dominated by ignorance, indolence and thievery, and its people have been unable to rise above the conditions imposed upon them by those in power.

Mr. Simon is the idol of the hour and he seems to have the interests of his country at heart.

The "New Council" met in Jacmel and made the following report, which was published in the "Bee," in April 1909:

"Somewhere about 1877-1878, under the late Desilus Lamour, at that time Communal Magistrate, of lamented memory, this town was often offered as a model to its sisters of the Republic, both in respect to the regular carrying on of its administration and its sanitary condition. Accordingly I ought to hasten to point out that at that epoch, the deficit of the Budget of this administration was filled without difficulty by the District Counsel, by means of a part of the percentage which it deducted from the State receipts. This then is the time to wish for the re-establishment of that useful institution, all the more so that it appears in black and white in our fundamental Pact.

"Now, since the Government has taken upon itself to fill this deficit, let us hope that it will do it in the interest of the town.

"I will remind you, Gentlemen Councilors, that since the fire of 1896, the town of Jacmel has not been lighted. It was only in 1906, ten years later, after having acquitted certain important debts which the town had previously contracted for the Communal service that we were able to begin the lighting of perhaps fifty lamps. It was after the installment of this lighting which took place in May 1906, that the Legislative body in October of the same year, granted us a monthly subsidy of two hundred piasters.

"The new Council is undoubtedly inspired with the best intentions. If it finds all the co-operation which it has a right to expect, being the outcome of the popular will, it will place this unhappy town upon a footing worthy of its former renown. As for you, my dear colleagues, I do not think it out of place to remind you that it is the duty of all of us to march hand in hand and for the greatest good of the town. We would wish that it were always so, in order to remain more and more worthy of the free suffrages of our fellow-citizens. This would also be one way of proving to all those who struggled 'per fas et nefas' in order to paralyze, even to prevent our advent here—an advent, however,



HAITI.—IN THE MARKET PLACE.



HAITI.—THE CITY OF AQUIN.

full of disinterestedness—that they were doing it without plausible reason; it would be proving once more to every bold and fiery journalist that our fellow-citizens made no mistake in calling us to look after their interests; that any campaign of this kind against us would be rather absurd and derisive. I need not tell you, my dear colleagues, that our fellow-citizens have placed all their trust in us and if they have been fortunate enough this time to do it, it is owing to that new era of liberty which was brought to us with the Government of General Antoine Simon.

“Yes, it must be recognized, this new era is not only a great relief to us, but a wholesome balm for our nerves which for many years have been numb.

“For, in truth, what was our condition before this happy change? That of caged birds, of prisoners in a dungeon.

“Oh let us bless Heaven a thousand times for having freed the Republic of this deplorable, this odious state of things!

“I will not conclude without expressing the wish of receiving, inventoried, all that belongs to the town, that it may be known in what condition the reins of this administration are handed over to us.

“Meanwhile, Gentlemen, let us cry with a unanimous voice:

“Long live the President of Haiti!
Long live the Communal Institution!”

There is something inexpressibly pathetic in the effort of a few earnest citizens in each town of Haiti striving against the corruption of officials, and the ignorance and indolence of a vast majority of the people. If their industry and perseverance were equal to their rhetoric we might hope they would succeed.

However behind the age Haiti may be in many things, it seems to have kept step with America, England and France, in the matter of Divorce. In one copy of “The Bee” appeared the following notices:

ANNOUNCEMENT

The undersigned has the honor to announce to the public, that he is no longer responsible for the conduct of his wife, born Marietta Garrard, who has abandoned his home; and against whom he has instituted divorce proceedings for reasons which will be shown. E. N. Frederique.

The undersigned has the honor to announce to the public, that he is not responsible for the acts of his wife, born Rossana Auguste, who has left the marital bed and board, etc. Signed, J. Vaugelas.

The undersigned, Diogene Iohoir, proprie-

taire, living at his domicile in the rurale section, de Fond Melon, declares to the public that he is no longer responsible, etc., for the acts of his wife born Marthe Janvier, etc., etc.

It was whispered that the majority of educated Haitiens, those who had traveled in Europe and the States, are dissatisfied with their condition in Haiti and long for annexation.

America does not need Haiti; but Haiti needs America or England, as a sick soiled child needs a nurse and a bath. It has been so sick and so soiled for a century, that it can hardly be expected to have strength enough to restore itself to health and cleanliness.

President Antoine Simon has a harder task ahead of him than Hercules performed in cleaning the Augean stables.

VAUDOUXISM IN HAITI.

Quite apart from the screaming, dirty throng of the market place in Aux Cayes, Haiti, a strange looking man at once repelling, and compelling, by force of his combined ugliness and strength, sat cross-legged before a smouldering blaze. Now and then he stirred the contents of a steaming pot. He seemed indifferent to the gaze of the throng, and yet an observer knew

that he was conscious of it, and that in some way he felt himself superior to those who moved about him. The man was of powerful build; and his large head was covered with woolly hair, peculiarly knotted, and of a hideous red colour, which suggested clotted blood. His features were wholly African, and his skin was mahogany, shading into ebony tones.

The few unclean rags which composed his costume, were worn with a certain dignity.

The crowd surged about him, buying, selling, haggling and chattering a curious French dialect, yet always leaving a free space about the squatting figure.

There was something weird, sinister and dreadful in his appearance, which made him remarkable, even in that mob of dreadful people. Who, and what was he, this squalid and disgustingly unwashed semi-savage, in the Black Republic of Haiti? That question presented itself a half dozen times, after the man, and the city on the coast of Haiti, had passed from sight.

It was several days later, that an answer to this query, blood curdling in its possibility, presented itself to mind.

I chanced upon the book of Sir Spencer St. John, entitled "Haiti the Black Republic." Mr. St. John had been a resident of Haiti, occupying



HAITI.—ENTRANCE GATE OF BOUDOIN, MR. VITAL'S COUNTRY PLACE AT JACMEL.



HAITI.—A FELLOW PASSENGER ON VOYAGE.

an official position, for more than ten years. In his chapter on Vaudoux practices and rites, the author describes the priests who preside over these savage ceremonies, as "men noticeable for their peculiarly knotted hair."

A man who is selected by the devotees of Vaudouxism, to be their priest, is called "Papa Loi;" and his consort becomes their priestess, and is "Mama-loi."

They are regarded with awe and reverence by the multitude; and they, in turn, pay reverence to the "sacred serpent," kept in secret temples and churches, and consulted in all important matters for direction and guidance.

To the Vaudoux priest, the serpent is the expression of supreme wisdom and power.

This belief, has come down from unrecorded ages, through the African race; and its rites and ceremonies have been associated with revolting crime, and indescribable obscenity. They begin with drunkenness, proceed with licentiousness and end, often with murder and cannibalism. Religion, education and law, have all united in an effort to drive this evil from America, and the West Indies, but investigation proves that it still exists, in a great degree in America, and thrives in Haiti. The "Obeah" of Vaudouxism, is believed to possess secret charms and spells which he exercises on his enemies, or for

a "consideration," upon the enemies of his patrons. He is supposed to be able to bring death and restore life at will, and to destroy the crops, or produce the "wasting away," of the victim selected for his practices of Black Magic. He is, of course, skilled in the use of subtle poisons. The records of criminal courts in Haiti contain accounts of trials, where no less than twelve persons have been proven to be participants in the sacrifice of "The Goat without horns" to the serpent Deity.

"The goat without horns," is a human being: (usually an infant or young child.)

Twenty years ago a girl of twelve was the victim; she was hung by her feet to the ceiling, and her throat cut. One of the witnesses confessed to having sliced a piece of flesh from the dead girl's hand, before the body was dissected and cooked, for the favored initiates of the order.

All this was done by order of "Papa" and "Mama-Loi" to propitiate the serpent Deity. A man known as the "Loup-garoux" is commissioned by the Vaudeux priests to procure victims for these sacrifices. Infants are stolen from the cradle, and young children from their homes, to be used as human offerings on Vaud-eaux altars. The sacrifice of human life is unquestionably decreasing at these carnivals and

goats and fowls are substituted, but that it still occurs in Haiti cannot be doubted.

"The Obeah man" is a continual menace to his neighbors and a stumbling block to progress.

In Kingston, Jamaica, this winter of 1909, a man was sentenced to two years in prison for Obeah practices.

In New Orleans, Louisiana, the Obeah man still puts his Vaudoux "spell" upon his chosen victim. Miss Helen Pitkin of that city has given a very graphic and artistic description of him and his rites in her novel "An Angel by Brevet," issued by the Lippincott's three years ago and Miss Violet Hauk in a novel, "The Girl in Question," has fully embodied the Haitien horrors of Vaudouxism. Until my visit to the Black Republic, I had supposed Miss Hauk's novel to be mere fiction, and fancy.

If in the midst of such civilized centres as Louisiana and Jamaica, the Vaudoux evil cannot be eradicated, how vain the idea which is trying to be forced upon the public, that it has ceased to exist in Haiti. Driving through the suburbs of a small Haitien town just at early twilight, we heard strange, barbaric music, proceeding from an inclosure. As this inclosure was formed by a dilapidated wall, we were curious to peep behind it, and see the music makers, but the American resident of the town,

who was our companion, gravely suggested that we drive on.

"These people would resent any curiosity on our part," he said, "in fact it would be dangerous to show ourselves among them at one of these festivities." Becoming curious, I questioned why; but while my questions brought forth no absolute assertion of the existence of the Vaudoux society in that town, they caused the American resident to display such reticence and nervousness, that it was substantial evidence in the affirmative. Compelled to reside in the town for an official term of years, he did not wish to make himself a target for the hatred of these people, by useless interference with their superstition. That night a Catholic priest who was a passenger on our ship, went over to the Haitien town to pass the night with brother priests, stationed in this parish. Questioned the next day as to what information he had gained on this subject he confessed to some peculiar experiences.

Weird music, loud chanting voices, and sounds of strange revels disturbed his sleep. His comrades told him that it was a meeting of the Vaudoux worshippers practicing for a later rite, and that despite the combined efforts of church, school and state, they could not stamp out this evil.

I have since talked with other priests of different cities of Haiti, as well as with several officials who have resided for periods of years in the Black Republic. All declared the Vaudoux evil a crying one, and stated their inability to grapple with it. The Haitien negroes are kind, gentle and amiable people, outside of the domain of religion and politics. Robberies are unheard of, and strangers can traverse the deepest forest without receiving anything but kindness at the hands of the natives, if they attend strictly to their own affairs. But let it once be suspected that you are spying upon their Vaudoux ceremonies, or trying to interfere with their political ambitions, they do not hesitate to put you summarily out of existence. It is whispered that one of the leading officials of Haiti is a Vaudoux worshipper, and that he keeps "sacred serpents" in a temple where he goes to receive "inspiration and direction" at times when the cares of his public life press heavily upon him.

In the towns where education has begun to blaze the trail of progress, this medieval superstition has lost its hold to a great extent: but in the vast stretches of mountain regions the "Loup-garoux" is known and feared, and there the Vaudoux priest and priestess are supreme in power: and there the sacrifice of animal, fowl,

and sometimes "the goat without horns" is made at the time of the great carnivals.

To one who has passed a few days in any of the Haitien cities, and who has seen the awful conditions which universally prevail, any tale seems believable, which connects the people with ignorance and superstition.

There are always a few to be found in each city and hamlet, who are working up toward the light, and reaching out to a better civilization. I met and talked with three bright faced intelligent young women, who were teaching at Aux Cayes. They informed me that there were nine schools in that town of six thousand people, besides some private schools. The teaching is all given in French, which is the language of the Island. English is taught as an accomplishment in the higher grades.

These young women were excellent representatives of the best class of colored people, and seemed well fitted for the position of instructors of the young; yet in an address recently delivered by Mr. Simon the new president of Haiti, he mentioned with censure, the fact that "ignorant men incapable of reading or writing, were occupying positions as teachers in some of the schools of Haiti."

I asked an American Consul, a Catholic priest, and a school teacher, why the citizens of Haitien

towns were not awakened to the need of cleaning their streets. The dishonest and rapacious Government, which heavily taxes its people, and gives them nothing in return, was named as the main cause; secondarily came the hopeless indolence of the natives. In truth, these causes should be reversed. No evil government could prevent a man of any pride from cleaning the garbage from his own front yard.

Haiti has its literature. It has produced poets, historians and writers of no mean order. Pierre Faubert, Corioleau Ardouin, and one woman Virginie Sampeur, all have given the world verses worthy the name of poetry.

But like most of the talented men and women of Haiti, these geniues have been mulattoes not pure blacks. In one hundred years the Black Republic has not produced a half dozen talented men or women of undiluted African blood. The fact seems significant.

Church, mission and school, are all doing something toward the improvement of Haiti, no doubt.

But it is a question whether their efforts are sufficiently strong, to save the land from retrograding back to the conditions of darkest Africa, if no controlling intellectual power takes the helm.

A REMARKABLE KING.

The most remarkable King who ever sat upon a self created throne, was King Henry I. of Haiti, who ruled from 1811 until his suicide thirteen years later.

Henry I. had been a slave, and became a general in the Revolution of 1791; under the great and brilliant black man, Toussaint Breda, known as L'Ouverture (The Way of Escape), who led the oppressed slaves to freedom. There had been centuries of this oppression—ever since 1509, when the first slaves landed. History tells us that upon the arrival of these cargoes of “live stock” the merchants sometimes made an offer for the whole and then retailed them out, should their offer be accepted. At other times the master, or supercargo of the vessel, had them sold at public auction, or disposed of a part, and carried the remainder to another market. These marchants who dealt principally in this commodity used to provide themselves with a long room, for the reception of these poor creatures, where they were placed altogether, like so many horses or mules, the floor being littered down with trash. They were fed twice a day and driven to water like a herd of cattle morning and night.

They were branded by hot irons, with the



HAITI.—MARKET AT JACMEL.

initials of their owners, and for refusal to work, laziness, a pretense of illness, an attempt to run away, or other misdemeanors, they were subjected to many violent and cruel punishments.

Now the spirit of the French Revolution was in the air, and they realized that they were 500,000 strong, and they united in a supreme effort to drive the French from Haiti. If their methods were the methods of the Barbarian from darkest Africa, can we wonder? What example had been given them by their Christian captors, to instill the new commandment, "Love one another" into their hearts? Horrible massacres and wholesale butchery were the "war tactics" of LeClerc and Rochambeau, the French leaders; and Dessaline and "Christophe," the black generals sent a deluge of blood through the beautiful valleys of Haiti.

In 1804 the French were all massacred or driven from the Island; and in 1811, Christophe, the mulatto general, proclaimed himself Emperor, and was crowned Henry I. of Haiti. History tells this of the black King.

Christophe Henry I., King of Haiti, was born a slave in that Island of the West Indies, from which he takes his name, and was still a slave in San Domingo in the year 1791. The early friend and faithful adherent of Toussaint, he bore a considerable resemblance to him in char-

acter. His military talents were very respectable, and his courage unshaken; his disposition, until spoiled by power, humane and benevolent. In the exercise of all the social virtues he has been eminently distinguished; he was a good husband, a good father, a steady friend, and strict in the observance of all the duties of religion and morality. Contrary to the common custom among his black countrymen, he attached himself in early life to one woman, whom he never forsook, and that woman, in 1811, was Queen of Haiti, beloved by all ranks and conditions. Gifted with strong natural talents, he soon acquired the habit both of speaking and writing well. His color and features were completely Negro; but his countenance was represented as very intelligent, agreeable and expressive. Christophe possessed the north side of the French part of Haiti. He was crowned on the 2nd of June, 1811. He altered the name of his Capital from Cape Francois to Cape Henry. He began to build a palace which was to be in the center of the fort, upon which neither skill, nor labor, nor expense, was spared to render it impregnable. He had about 10,000 troops all Negroes. This amazing undertaking, it has been said would have taxed the courage and resources of the greatest monarch in civilization; yet it was accomplished by a half savage, self

made king, only recently a slave. All the materials for constructing the fort and palace were brought from the forests; the architects and master builders were brought from foreign lands.

"Sans Souci," as this structure was called, is declared to be the most wonderful architectural creation south of Cuba. This palace and fort can be seen at a distance of 20 miles from the sea, covering the lofty mountain La Ferriere, near Cape Haiti.

King Henry had nine royal palaces constructed and eight chateaux. He proclaimed his consort a Queen, his children princes of the blood, and had a long list of dukes, counts and barons and chevaliers, all children of negro slaves.

The reign of this black king would make a wonderful setting for a comic opera, and it occurred at so recent a date, that all necessary material could be produced with authentic incidents.

King Henry built himself a tomb in the center of his castle, a climb of two hours through heavily wooded hills, from the palace where he shot himself, and up the steep slope his body was carried and left in its lonely sepulchre. The castle is said to contain 300 cannon; every one had to be hauled up the mountain by gangs of men; and many of them died from exhaustion and from

the King's cruelties; for with his "royal" state came royal tyranny and love of power.

Some very remarkable letters are on exhibition which passed between the French Government and King Henry. The Island of Haiti was so fertile, and the plantations left by the massacred and exiled French so fruitful, that King Henry accumulated treasure to the amount of thirty million dollars, which was stored in his treasure vault in the castle of the fort.

The French, after a period of years, in the reign of Louis XVIII. began to concoct schemes to gain possession of the Island. Most diplomatic and specious pretexts were offered, for restoring slavery in Haiti and making King Henry a general over all the troops. In reply to this offer, "the Grand Council of the Haitien Nation" wrote a lengthy letter to the King, from which the following extracts are taken:

ADDRESS TO THE KING.

"SIRE:

In the annals of the world no example can be found of an overture for peace, accompanied by such frightful and disgraceful circumstances as that made by the French General, Lavaysse, in the name and as the agent of his Majesty, Louis XVIII. And to whom does this vile agent dare

to address this declaration of the atrocious intentions of his government? To your Majesty, the conqueror of the French, the defender of liberty and independence; to you, Sire, who have devoted your whole life to the maintenance and defense of the indestructible and eternal rights of men; to your Majesty, who has always taken, as the rule of your conduct and actions, the honor and glory of the Haitien people. He dares to propose to you to descend from a throne where you were placed by the love and gratitude of your fellow-citizens. Oh! extravagance, and insolence, and infamy! He dares to suspect your great soul of such an enormous perfidy! To whom do they dare to speak of masters and of slaves? To us—to a free and independent people, to warriors covered with noble wounds received in the field of honor!

Barbarians! They think us unworthy of the blessings of liberty and independence. They think that we are not capable of sublime sentiments, or of those generous impulses which form heroes.

But before any Frenchman gains a footing here, let Haiti become a vast desert, let our towns, our manufacturers, our dwellings become a prey to the flames. Let each of us multiply his force, redouble his energy and his courage, in imolating to our first jury thousands

of these tigers who are alienated from our blood! Let Haiti present nothing but a heap of ruins! Let terrified countenances meet nothing but sights of death, destruction, and vengeance! Let posterity have to say, on beholding these ruins: 'Here lived a free, a generous people; tyrants wanted to strip them of their liberty, but they resolved to perish sooner than part with it.' " King Henry, in answer to the address of the Grand Council of the Haitian Nation, made the following reply:

"Haitians! Your sentiments, your generous resolution are worthy of us; Your King shall always be worthy of you. Our indignation is at its height! Let Haiti, from this moment, be only one vast camp; let us prepare to combat those tyrants who threaten us with chains, slavery and death. Haitians, the whole world has its eyes fixed upon us: our conduct must confound our culminators, and justify the opinion which philanthropists have formed of us. Let us rally; let us have but one and the same wish, that of exterminating our tyrants. On the unanimous co-operation of our union, of our efforts, will depend the prompt success of our cause. Let us exhibit to posterity a great example of courage; let us combat with glory and be effaced from the rank of nations rather than romance, liberty and independence."

King Henry ordered his private secretary to answer the letter from France article by article. The answer forms an octavo pamphlet of twenty-eight pages, full of energy and information, and does great credit to its author, who bears the title, Chevalier de Preseaux.

All of these letters are most astonishing in their elegance of diction and power of reasoning, when we remember they were composed by men who had but recently been slaves. But how discouraging to contemplate the condition of Haiti today, almost 100 years since these letters were written. Superstition, cruelty, sloth, filth, are the qualities which stand unpleasantly pre-eminent among the Haitians of today. And those noble exceptions who rise in an effort to save their land, are trodden under the feet of ignorance and greed.

SANTO DOMINGO.

In a curious book, called "The Wanderings of a Soul," I once read the supposed narrative of a disembodied Spirit, which had worked its way up from regions of darkness (whither its sins had consigned it) to realms of hope, and finally to higher heavens of Light. This story occurred to me, as we awoke one morning after a week in Haitien towns and found ourselves entering the harbor of Santo Domingo.

Our minds, our eyes, our nostrils, had been filled with the repulsive and the offensive for so many days that we had fallen asleep in our berths, feeling we were souls lost in regions of shade; and now, behold, we had risen in a night, to realms of hope.

The pier was crowded with a decently dressed and orderly throng of people; rows of well-built warehouses were directly in the foreground, suggesting thrift and prosperity: neat vistas of unencumbered streets led back to picturesque ruins of historical structures; ruins of the Columbus era.

The air was fresh and dry; the winds active and exhilarating; the sun blazing with tropical vigor.



SANTO DOMINGO.—CARNIVAL CARRIAGE.

The throng at the pier seemed to be there for a purpose; for some object. There was nowhere visible the spirit of the loafer and mendicant; no suggestion of the idle barbarian which had been everywhere prevalent in Haiti.

"Surely we have awakened in another world," we said. "This cannot be a part of the Island of Haiti, and only a day distant from the Black Republic?"

But so it was.

The Island of Haiti is four hundred miles long and one hundred and thirty-five wide, in some parts. It lies between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, and it is divided into two Republics, one-third Haitien, the remainder known as Santo Domingo.

Columbus discovered this island of Haiti on his first voyage, December 6, 1492. He established the city of Santo Domingo on his second visit in 1493.

His "brave followers" exterminated the native Arawaks in a brief period of time. The men were massacred wholesale, while the younger women were kept to bear children, and become slaves to the conquering Spaniards. The Indian type of face is still to be seen in some of the inhabitants of Santo Domingo today; descendents of those unhappy women, who lived to see their tribes exterminated and to suffer every possible

cruelty and indignity at the hands of the "valiant" Spaniards. Most of the butchery was done in the name of religion. To convert and save the poor Arawaks was the burning desire of the invading Spaniard. Rather than have them live "unconverted" they butchered them. But before they were murdered they were always baptized.

In 1505 negro slaves were brought to Haiti.

In his delightful book, "The Cradle of the Deep," Sir Francis Treves says of this event:

"It was the squalid beginning of a terrible end; these miserable beings could hardly crawl out of the boats where they had been cramped for weeks in a putrid hold; their bodies were indented by the marks of the planks; huddled together like frightened animals, they whisked flies from the sores left by the lash of the whip. Some died; all were famishing for food; all were wide eyed with alarm."

Can we wonder that the descendants of these wretched beings, who own the Island of Haiti today, are incompetent to cope with existing conditions?"

Yet Santo Domingo never fell utterly into the hands of these people as did the "Black Republic" of Haiti.

The influence of the conquering Spaniard has always held the supremacy. The city boasts of

families where the Spanish blood has been kept unadulterated through all these centuries, but such families are few indeed. The black man is not obtrusively evident; but the yellow and the brown men are everywhere, and in all classes of society.

Standing on the deck of our ship we were shown the very Silk Wood Tree to which Columbus tied his boat, and close to the wharf rose the stately ruin of Castle Colon, the magnificent chateau and statehouse built by Diego, the son of Christopher Columbus, in 1509.

Walking among these ruins afterward, the necessity for some governmental provision for their preservation impressed us. They should be saved from further decay; they should be made sanitary and inviting, instead of foul and fearsome; they should have a caretaker, whose duty it is to show travelers about and to explain the history of this oldest structure, built on the shores of the New World.

This is a duty which Santo Domingo owes to the whole world and to its own pride.

Sir Francis Treve speaks of Santo Domingo as "ill smelling and unsanitary."

We did not find it so. We found thrift, repair, progress, everywhere in the city of ancient lineage. The contrast between it and the "Black Republic" was as great as between

Southern Spain and Gibraltar, separated as they are by a half hours' drive, and centuries of progress. Yet since Sir Francis wrote his book, the influence of America has been brought to bear on Santo Domingo.

We do not wish to flap noisily the wings of our American Eagle; or to loudly boast; but Justice and Truth demand that due credit be given where it belongs.

Justice and Truth demand, also, that large credit be given the officials and the people of Santo Domingo for their great and beautiful efforts, constantly increasing, to keep the Republic abreast of the times and in step with the march of progress. Santo Domingo has been torn with bloody wars, and bruised by bad rulers. Two years ago it became so deeply involved in debt that it was necessary to appoint a wise controller of its finances.

This position fell to the United States, and wonderful results ensued. Every month the American Collector of Ports sends \$100,000 to be applied on the national debt, yet despite this drain the income of the Republic is greater than ever before in its history. It is therefore able to mend its roads, to repair its bridges, and to clean and improve its streets. All this is being done and by the Republic itself. That American influence and example play their part goes

without saying. It seems unfortunate that any Santo Domingan can hesitate in acknowledging its debt of gratitude to America. Santo Domingo is filled with a spirit of hospitality. If it possessed a modern hotel, conducted on American ideas of comfort and hygiene, the place would make an ideal Winter resort for Americans.

The first gold sent to Spain from the new continent came from Santo Domingo. There is every reason to suppose that its mountains are rich in undug gold.

It was our good fortune to witness a Flower Fiesta in Santo Domingo. Oddly enough, just a year previous to the day, we were present at a similar festivity in Honolulu, where five nations were represented. A month previous to that we had seen the great annual Rose Carnival at Pasadena, California. While both of these occasions were more elaborate, and the procession of greater length, there was a peculiarly uncommercial spirit pervading the Santo Domingo Fiesta, which lent it a more poetic charm.

Five national poets, in truth, read poems to the "Queen of the West Indian Carnival." The happy young woman bears the wonderful name of "Aurora Ponce de Leon" and possesses the sumptuous creole beauty which belongs to such a name. She is said to be a direct descendant of Santo Domingo's first famous Governor.

Americo Lugo was the poet laureate of the occasion and is chief of the national poets on the island. It was my pleasure to meet the young man, and to be presented with copies of two of his books, and with a MS. copy of his prose poem dedicated to the Queen of the Fiesta, "Aurora First."

Arturo Pellerano Alfau is the name of the editor and proprietor of the only daily paper published on the island of Santo Domingo. I met him at the home of the very delightful American Minister, Mr. MacCreery.

Mr. Alfau is a native of Santo Domingo, and a man of strikingly handsome and impressive personality. He enters heart and soul into whatever tends toward the best interests of his people and the best development of his land. There was something touching and pathetic in the pleasure and gratification displayed by this big, strong man at hearing words of sincere praise from strangers regarding his country.

The attitude of many Santo Domingans toward the United States partakes of the mingled hatred and jealousy which has characterized the feeling of every country assisted or dominated by us in the past. Yet always the broader and more enlightened and consequently more just, citizens of each country are free from these ignoble jealousies.

In Mr. Alfau's paper, "The Daily List," recently appeared the following editorial:

"The famous Monroe Doctrine is the firmest base on which the powerful Republic of America rests. It guarantees that the United States shall not interfere with European affairs or enter into offensive or defensive wars of other countries.

"It also refers to the duty and right of the United States to forbid European powers any claims on American soil which would be a menace to the nation.

"This doctrine is often attacked without being understood, but it certainly insures peace, order and progress, the stability of the Government and international public duties. Understood in this way, we have nothing to fear from the people or the Government of the United States."

The color lines are so faintly drawn in Santo Domingo as to be scarcely perceptible. While the pure Castilian still exists, he is not sufficiently numerous to form an exclusive class.

The President of the Republic is a mulatto, and men and women who look white prove to be "near white" frequently by unhesitatingly marrying into families of pronouncedly African extraction.

In the Flower Fiesta beautiful girls who were distinctly Spanish in their slender grace sat

side by side with those whose features and color proclaimed the darker blood.

In one family is oftentimes found the delicate Castilian type, while in another member, a brother or a sister, the clearly indicated descendant of Ethiopia is seen.

But those distinctions cause no class prejudices in Santo Domingo. The majority rules, and is respected. This majority is the color element.

One of the most tactful and well qualified men for a Foreign Ministership is our American representative, Mr. MacCreery, in Santo Domingo. It seems a misfortune to the country as well as to womankind that such a man should be a bachelor. With a wife as gracious and diplomatic as himself, and with a good American hotel, Santo Domingo might become a center for fashionable America in its migrating season. It possesses every desirable quality.

PORTO RICO.

When our good little trading cruiser reached Ponce, on the Island of Porto Rico, one of our pleasant table companions, the corporation attorney of Denver, Colo., taking a winter's voyage for pleasure, a young merchant traveling for business purposes, and Himself and myself, left our pleasant associates and our cramped quarters, for a motor-trip across the mountains. This journey leads over the admirable old Spanish military drive, and ends in San Juan, a distance of 84 miles.

We obtained a very good machine and excellent chauffeur, and leaving Ponce at 9 a.m., we wound up and around and down and about the mountains, over what might well be called the spiral driveway, arriving at San Juan between 4 and 5 in the afternoon.

The greater part of the day was clear and glowing, and the views obtained as we rose from height to height, was incomparably beautiful. Even when the clouds, jealous of the sun's devotion, clasped the mountain peaks in close embrace and bathed their brows in starry tears, the effect was splendid in the extreme. Higher and higher we climbed, exhilarated with the

panorama and gratified with the consciousness that no starving beast was being hurt in wind or limb by our ascent; but one thought did obtrude itself as we rolled over the perfection of roadways, as smooth as a suburban boulevard, in that we were enjoying the result of slave labor.

This Military Road, like all the roads in Jamaica, was built by the slaves. Their descendants, however, are so greatly in the majority in the Islands, that the main benefit of that thankless toil falls where it belongs.

The magnificence of the scenery in our new territory in Porto Rico, was a surprise and an inspiration to the four Americans who spiraled about those lofty mountains—our veritable Alps—clad in tropical verdure, instead of gleaming snows. Range after range, peak after peak became visible from the highest altitude of almost 4,000 feet, and once, far in the distance we caught a glimpse of the peacock blue sea, between the mountain ranges.

Down in the valleys for miles stretched, what, to an imperfect vision would have seemed a foam capped river with waterfalls here and there; but it was something far more prosaic, however unusual. It was miles of tobacco plantations, covered with cheese cloth to protect the plant, from insects and a too hot sun; a curious sight indeed, framed on either side as these plantations were, by lofty mountains of shaded greens.

Again we saw what at first resembled a mountain on fire, save that no smoke rose from the vast space of red flame. Nearer approach showed us that it was a whole grove of stately trees in gorgeous blossom; the well named "Flamboyant" tree. Farther on we came to a portion of the road whereon for a fourth of a mile some woodland fairy, had spread a crimson carpet for our spinning wheels; the fallen blossoms of this tropical tree.

Inexplicably beautiful notes of strange new birds dropped from hidden recesses of the forest, like precious ore resolved into liquid sound.

And what monstrous iniquity, what devilish cruelty, lurks in the human mind that could conceive the hunting and the caging of these little feathered atoms of the voice of God!

Yet such creatures exist.

San Juan, the city, was something of a disappointment to us. Every West Indian town is beautiful seen from the harbor; not all are beautiful, closely approached.

San Juan seems to squat itself beside the sea, like an indolent Creole. It lacks distinction, but it assures you that it is not unacquainted with broom and bath.

There are not quite so many black people as you are accustomed to seeing in the Islands left behind; but the Spaniard is everywhere in evidence, as he has the right to be.

Exclusive Spanish families still rule the social world in San Juan, and form a circle to which it is not always possible for the rich American to purchase an open sesame.

Yet much social gaiety exists in the American colony of San Juan, and everywhere, in all avenues and departments of life, the American is forging his way.

The Americans have, in eight years time, built just twice the length of good roads built by the Spaniards in 400 years (and built them without slaves).

When Porto Rico came under American control it had 400 schools. Now it has 1,700. The schools are scattered all through the rural regions, and every few miles as we drove over the mountains, we came upon the neat building with its waving American banner, which spoke of the wonderful future awaiting this colony in the next half century. There is a society for the Protection of Animals in San Juan, but it lacks vitality, force and money. Wherever the Latin blood is found, there too is found appalling indifference to the suffering of animals and fowls. The crack of the whip and the clatter of horses' feet driven mercilessly over the hot pavements under a burning sun marred the rest and relaxation I had hoped to find in San Juan before joining "The President," and proceeding on our **cruise**.

I repeatedly begged one driver I had engaged to put up his whip, and let his willing horse trot along unmolested. I had engaged him by the hour, and I was in no haste. After the third sullen defiance of my request, I reached over and administered a sharp slap on the fellow's cheek. For the remainder of the drive his horse was free from the lashing of the whip. Sometimes it requires an object lesson to teach certain types of mind that you are in earnest in your determination to protect animals against more brutal animals.

There are no women's clubs in San Juan; but in Ponce a thriving club exists. The larger city keeps closely to its Spanish traditions; the smaller one is more inclined to accept American innovations.

Spanish is still the language of the Island. The grown people are too old, the children are too young, after eight years only of American rule, to make the change of tongue emphatic. But all the school children are learning English, and in a quarter of a century Porto Rico will be an American territory in sound, as well as in its visible thrift and cleanliness. There is crying need now of an American hotel where travelers may find real comfort.

The seeker of the beautiful finds his ideal of restful homes in the suburban residences about

San Juan: homes made especially appealing to refined tastes, and offering every inducement to the tourist to leave further journeyings for another season, and to remain in Porto Rico.

More attractive to me were these homes, and the American schools, and the great chains of good roads built by the United States, than the grim forts with their appalling dungeons and incredibly cruel catacombs. These monuments left to commemorate here—as in almost every city in Europe—the demoniacal spirit of revenge which dominated the Spaniards for centuries, speak loudly today in their grim silence, of the mighty progress of the human race toward higher standards.

What nation on the face of earth today would carefully plan and boldly construct, prisons where no light or sound could penetrate, and where the wretched inmate would be forced to crouch with his chin upon his breast, an iron bar across his body, while he slowly starved to death?

Yet in Fort Cristobal at San Juan, six such death traps were constructed by order of the Spanish Government at the end of the 18th century—not two hundred years ago.

These dungeons were employed to “punish” political enemies and traitors, and foes to the accepted creed of Spain. Out from the dark

door that leads to these awful hell holes, one word seems to blaze forth in letters of living light to shine over our present era

That word is

“PROGRESS.”

ST. THOMAS.

At the Island of St. Thomas, a night distant from San Juan, we parted company with our dear little ship "The President," and said good-bye to the fine body of men composing its officers and crew. Strong, virile, manly men, every one of them, from the handsome young captain with rosy cheeks and turquoise eyes and snow white hair, down to the willing, cheerful, accommodating stewards. We had given them a difficult task, for which they had not been prepared; but many a proud ship sails the high seas for no other purpose than to cater to the comfort of pleasure seekers, which does not treat its passengers so royally as we were all treated by the valiant little merchant cruiser of the Caribbean coast.

"Vive Le President" of the Hamburg American line!

With the memory of many ship tables in mind, I recall but one company of voyaging comrades to be compared with the little circle which comprised our table on The President.

There was a member of Parliament from Canada, traveling for pleasure and education, and to escape the rigors of his native land in



ST. THOMAS.—MADAME MINECKE.



ST. THOMAS.—HARBOR VIEW FROM MA FOLIE.

winter; there was a "gentleman from Indiana," retired from business, and finding distraction and recreation; there was a young man from Boston, seeking health after a long illness; there was a corporation attorney from Denver, adding to a long list of journeys and travel experiences, and there was a Catholic priest, also seeking health. Himself and myself completed the circle. I felt always as if I were hostess at a dinner party; and our meal hours were full of pleasant conversation and repartee.

After dinner a few of us frequently gathered at the table of the tiny cabin, and indulged in the distraction of cards: an accomplishment so recently acquired by myself, that my pride in being able to tell the King from the Jack, was only equaled by the despair of my partners when I failed to recognize a Right and Left Bower as valuable possessions in "Five Hundred," the one game I had learned.

But at St. Thomas, this pleasant circle dispersed, after thirteen delightful days and nights of cruising.

On the morning we left Kingston, Himself had shown me a little blank book, and with a significant look he had said: "In this book we are to record in Black Ink, every complaint made on this cruise. Half the book belongs to you;

half to me; and neither is to see what the other has recorded until the end of the voyage. It is to be a hard and trying experience, and if we have the Black Entries in this book in mind, it may cause us to be philosophical and use self restraint." Shortly afterward when I remarked that I wished the captain would hurry out of the harbor, as it was getting hotter every minute, I was shown the blank book, and Himself sat down to make the first entry.

But it did not appear again during our thirteen days on "The President," which fact proves that we both behaved in an exemplary manner.

Awakening in the morning and finding ourselves in the harbor of St. Thomas, with her chief city, Charlotte Amalie, directly in the foreground, we exclaimed with delight at the beautiful prospect which met our eyes.

The harbor at St. Thomas is spacious and inviting, and its capitol city looks with its freshly painted white houses, red roofs and green foliage, like a bouquet of flowers from a Dutch garden, set in a big bowl of water.

Of St. Thomas we had heard much, and it was with interest we contemplated our four days sojourn there, before going on to the turning point at St. Kitts.

Now this chronicle of sailing in sunny seas claims to be nothing but personal experiences,

impressions and adventures, and what I am about to say should not, therefore, influence any reader contemplating a similar cruise, from visiting St. Thomas and remaining two weeks, if he has so planned.

One of our ship acquaintances, met again later on the journey, assured me he had found St. Thomas delightful from every point of view, and much preferable to San Juan.

But my four days in that little Dutch bowl set in a circle of hills, are one memory of mental misery and physical discomfort. We had brought all our baggage ashore with the intention of rearranging and repacking, before setting forth anew. I am not one of those admirable women who can travel around the world with a dress suit case and a chatelain bag. Trunks cling to me and stick like burrs, when I try to shake them off. So I do not try. Decent and frequent changes of apparel I find as necessary en voyage as at home. And the more than 200 lbs. avoir-dupois which Himself carries about the earth, demands vehicles for masculine garments, as well. However we may determine to reduce our belongings to the smallest possible compass, when we set forth on a journey, we invariably find ourselves wrestling with many trunks, and buying baskets and straps in addition, before we have proceeded half way to our goal. Now

although we had determined to leave the "Bermuda Arc" untouched until we arrived at this point of our wanderings, here we were in St. Thomas, both fortunately agreeing upon the necessity to open and repack all our baggage.

So we were delighted when we found ourselves in a commodious room with space and to spare for our belongings.

That moment of delight was my last. There is room to move about on an Arizona desert, but that does not mean repose or pleasure. Our room lacked every possible convenience. There seemed to be miles of ugly wall space, but no bureau, no dresser, no hooks, no wardrobe, no clothes press, for garments. The beds were commodious, but they contained no comfort; the long French windows opened on a stony paved street which glared back at the gazer with an uncomfortable stare, and thundered a deafening protest to every passing cart. Mobs of children in varied colors shrieked their declaration of independence of parental control all day long, and sailors who had freely sampled Santa Cruz rum, made riotous love to dusky maids, from sunset to dawn.

Born without "nerves," those dreaded foes to happiness seemed to develop in the St. Thomas atmosphere, so that the spotless cleanliness of the town, the interesting shops, the great beauty

of the scenery, all failed to give me pleasure. Only one impulse dominated me—to get away from St. Thomas.

Unwilling to leave so picturesque a place with only memories of mean annoyances, we resolved upon heroic efforts to arouse ourselves to admiration. High up on one of the mountains we were told of a spot known as "Ma Folie," from which was obtained a very magnificent view of the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean, with all the groups of the Lower Antilles and the Virgin Islands spread out to the view of the adventurous climber.

Only mules, goats and pedestrians made the ascent, and the path was long, rough and steep. But the following morning, we two, reinforced by a brave third, crept our way by the light of matches, from the dark hotel, down into the dim street, and forged toward the trail to Ma Folie.

Up a long flight of brick-laid stairs to the north, out through a winding roadway rapidly narrowing to a path, we began the ascent, accompanied by the increasing vanguard and heralds of the advancing morning.

Darkness changed to lustrous shadow; the shadow bloomed into opal-tinted dusk; the dusk removed her seven veils one by one as we toiled up and up, over rough and ever rougher paths, panting for breath and pausing to renew our forces, until, lo, as we attained the final summit.

dusk tossed aside her last veil and revealed the splendid face of Dawn!

And now it was no longer "Ma Folie" whereon we stood, but "Ma Gloire." As if to reward us for our long hour of climbing, nature provided us with a sunrise of unusual magnificence.

Castles, ships, forts and faces, were all pictured in radiant clouds, through which the tropical sun forced its way, blazing in gold armor and shining with spears of light.

Below us, bright with riotous greens and blues, two mighty seas were spread, and a hundred islands reached up fair faces to be admired, and there were ships in the harbors, and at our feet far below lay the red roofs and white walls of Charlotte Amalie, the Capital of St. Thomas. At the left on a summit below us, "Blue Beard's Castle," of doubtful history, stood outlined against the blue sky, and at the right the more ancient and authentic ruin of "Black Beard's Castle," a structure reared in the days of the Buccaneers, by one Edward Touch, of Spanish Town, Jamaica, as villianous a cutthroat and pirate as ever sailed fair seas. And so, after all, we had risen above the petty disappointment and irritating annoyances of St. Thomas, and climbed to a pleasurable memory.

Of the lame sinews, and weary limbs afterward, let us be silent. The dance was worth the piper's bill.

ST. CROIX AND ST. KITTS.

Something like forty miles south of St. Thomas lies the little island of St. Croix (called too, Santa Cruz) and famous for its rum.

The guide book says it is also famous for a delightful climate, but a hotter place than we found it, could not be reached this side of the grave, I am sure.

The Island is only nineteen miles by five and Himself remarked that it was evidently intended as a "Golf Course," for St. Thomas.

The only memorable thing we saw in St. Croix was an old cement stairway, which Himself kodacked. Its lines were graceful in the extreme and it lent a dignity and charm to an otherwise glaringly, commonplace street.

Some of our passengers (three men) took a fifteen mile drive in St. Croix and reported the scenery as pleasing, but devoid of the variety found in mountainous islands. Their condition on their return indicated the strength of the native rum which they informed us they had sampled. The information was superfluous.

Despite its diminutive size, St. Croix has received marked attention from earthquakes, cyclones and tidal waves in times past.

And it feels its importance accordingly.

At St. Kitts we had planned to take the "Sobo" the Halifax steamer which makes Bermuda on its return from the West Indies. Our boat reached St. Kitts in the early morning; and Himself hurried out to obtain news of the Sobo before I was fully awake. But my awakening came with sudden force, when he returned after a few moments to tell me the startling news; the Sobo had gone and what was more distressing, neither the Sobo or any other boat from the West Indies would be allowed to land passengers at Bermuda again this season owing to strict quarantine laws. There had been a few cases of yellow fever in the Barbadoes, and, although the Sobo was free from infection as an iceberg from moths, it could not carry passengers to Bermuda because it had paused at Barbadoes.

Himself who had set forth on this cruise with the noble resolution to make the best of whatever occurred, fell completely from grace on this occasion and I'm quite sure the little "Blank Book" went overboard. I never heard it mentioned again. It was not large enough, he knew, to contain all the black marks he had invited.

As our ship remained only an hour in the harbor, we were obliged to go ashore at once, with all our baggage and to settle ourselves some-



ST. KITTS.—GROUP OF NATIVES.



ST. KITTS.—WATCHING THE PELICANS DIVING.

where before we undertook to decide our future plans. Realizing that another experience of such discomfort as awaited me at St. Thomas would be no more likely to occur again so soon, than two lightning strokes on one tree, I set forth bravely if not blithely to hunt a resting place, while Himself interviewed steamship officials in Basseterre.

I found two hopeful looking rooms inside a building of most unattractive exterior. One room opened on the sea, the other on a green garden and there were hooks and dresses and wardrobes to heal a feminine heart, which had been torn by their absence in St. Thomas. And when Himself and our trunks arrived, the restful unbeautiful rooms soon began to wear that feeling of "homeiness" which we could not for one moment conjure into the desolation and disorder and riot of our St. Thomas apartment.

Walls not only have ears, but walls have temperament, dispositions and vibrations, which help to make or destroy a home. The outside of our "Sea Shore Hotel" at St. Kitts, misrepresented its cozy and comfortable interior, as a bad complexion and ungroomed hair may misrepresent a sweet natured kind hearted woman. The Sea Side Hotel, by all odds the best place in St. Kitts, for a traveler to find cool breezes and peaceful rest, needs a "beauty

doctor" to make it presentable to the eye. So in truth does all St. Kitts. Its streets are clean and its odors are not unpleasant; but its houses all seem freckled and uncombed, and give the village a look of dilapidation and despondency.

Basseterre lies at the foot of Monkey Hill, between Brimstone Hill and Mount Misery. Both are extinct volcanoes. Their heads wrapped in shawls of clouds.

They suggest grim giants, brooding over past deeds of violence; the spirits of old pirates and buccaneers, doomed to sit in solitude and see fair ships sail their seas, unmolested with their goodly cargoes.

As yet again they seem like the demon spirits of earthquake, eruption and tidal wave, only waiting their chosen opportunity to again destroy the proud works of man.

St. Kitts has suffered little in comparison with many of the West Indian Islands from the cataclysms of Nature, yet she has known disaster from earthquakes in the past, and may know it again.

The fallen city, like the fallen woman, finds absolute immunity from her old weakness, difficult to attain.

My first, and I trust, last, earthquake experience, was destined to befall me at St. Kitts. Wakened suddenly from a sound and dreamless

slumber at a quarter before 1 a. m. on March 8, 1909, by the shuddering of my bed, I was instantly conscious that I was experiencing an earthquake. The bed seemed to be in the grasp of some giant, who was shaking it from side to side. I ran across the hall to die, if die I must, with Himself. The vibrations ceased before I reached the door, and then I was prepared to meet skeptical laughter when I should make my assertion that an earthquake had occurred. Instead I found Himself seeking me—to announce the fact that he had been tossed from sleep to startled wakefulness by the pitching of his bed, which faced the west. Securing my bag of toilet articles and an ulster, so I could escape in the streets with decorum if the second scare came I remained awake with Himself an hour or two, watching for the disaster which did not come.

In the morning assured by the servants that they had felt no earthquake, we began to wonder if we were twin victims of an hallucination; but the nervous condition of our good landlady at the breakfast table convinced us of the reality of our experience. She had been terrified into nausea, and had not closed her eyes after the shake until near dawn. The newspapers chronicled the event as the worst shake in over 40 years on the Island.

My greatest diversion in St. Kitts was watch-

ing the diving of the pelicans in front of the Sea Shore Hotel. These homely headed yet picturesque birds congregated in flocks, and often as many as seven circled and wheeled in one small space in the air, directly opposite our windows, and made their marvelous dive into the billows after fish. Reappearing they sat contentedly on the waves, until the fish was gulped into the food sack below the throat. Then they rose gracefully, made another circuit in the air, and again plunged down, one wing below the other until just above the billows, when a sudden head first attitude was taken, and the big ugly beak cleaved the water.

St. Kitts has been for the greater portion of its existence since its discovery, a British possession. The French helped the English destroy the Caribs, and then the English drove out the French, and about all that remains of their occupancy, is the name of the town—Basseterre.

As early as 1680, and as late as 1840, St. Kitts and its near young sister, St. Ives, were renowned for their brilliant social life. Hot Springs discovered at St. Ives, resolved that island into the fashionable Spa.

And nowhere in European centers, could be found more splendor of apparel or greater gayety than on this little West Indian Island during its season of glory.

Looking on the streets of Basseterre St. Kitts or Charles Town Nevis, with their preponderance of colored citizens and their paucity of interesting sights or people, it is hard to imagine them filled with rich merchants, and the fair women folk of wealthy traders, with the bravely caparisoned officers of ships, and the pride of fashionable Europe's belles and beaux.

After having studied many steamship guides for winter travelers, and talked with every man in Basseterre who knew what an ocean vessel was, Himself decided that our best course lay in taking the "Corona," due the day after our arrival, to New York, after eight long days at sea, reaching New York, March 13th. Now, we did not want to go back to New York so early. March is detestable in New York; but with yellow fever in the lower islands, and with nothing to attract us for a long stay in St. Kitts, and with no chance to obtain our month's mail waiting at Bermuda, until we returned, we felt we should accept this alternative. So, as soon as the Corona came into the harbor, we proceeded to visit her, and find what accommodations could be secured.

Not one inch of space was purchasable. Every stateroom and cabin was engaged. Walking through the ship we saw through the open door of a large stateroom, a pale attenuated young

man lying on his back seemingly asleep. His face impressed me curiously, and I found myself wondering after I left the ship, if the young man was ill.

That afternoon at 2, the "Corona" sounded one whistle, yet the boat was not due to leave until midnight. A few hours later, at sunset, the officers and crew came ashore, bearing the corpse of the young man, a youth of 21 who had died at 2 p. m. of tuberculosis. It was in the vain hope of curing this malady that he had gone to the West Indian Islands. He was buried in Basseterre, and the tragic news was cabled to his waiting mother in Maryland.

All that night, wonderful with the radiance of a full moon, I found my sleep broken with thoughts of this lonely death and burial.

There is little in St. Kitts to interest strangers. It has a few old houses in the suburbs, and a drive of ten miles and a weary climb in the hot sun, brings one to the immense old Fort on Brimstone Mountain, which cost the Island an enormous sum to erect and which never even smelled powder afterwards. Splendid views are to be obtained by those who care to climb any of the mountains back of Basseterre. But our St. Thomas adventure in that line of sight seeing proved sufficient for me.

We satisfied ourselves with long restful hours

in the public library at Basseterre, and with books and writing materials in our sea aired room at the hospitable home of Mrs. France, who in her youth had been one of the quality folk of Basseterre. On Sunday eve I astonished Himself by announcing that I was going to church with Miss France. He wondered if I had experienced a change of heart, and if I no longer found my own ideal of God and religion too big for "the creeds of churches," as I had always asserted.

Then I explained a certain pretty story had been told me by Mistress France—oh, a very very pretty story, which had its setting in St. George's church, long and long ago, when Dame France, now a grandmother of well grown boys and girls, had been a child of ten.

In those days West Indian maids married young; and so it befell that "Mary Jane" the sister of my hostess, was a beautiful widow at seventeen, after two years and eight months of married life. Now the maid who marries at fourteen does not experience a profound passion and the wife who is widowed at seventeen does not desperately grieve, especially if her lord has been a gay English rake, and disloyal to his child bride, while clothing her in silken sheen. So no one need exclaim with wonder when it is said that the beautiful young face

which peeped from its widow's cap, was not worn with sorrow or haggard with tears; but that it was dimpled, and prone to smile on small provocation, and that the gown of black crepe to the arm pits, was worn in a way which did not hide the adorable curves of budding young womanhood.

Sitting demurely in her pew beside her aunt, who was no other than the wife of the honorable Mr. Crook, President of the Island at St. Kitts, the child widow, while seemingly devoutly attentive to the sermon, knew, nevertheless, that the gaze of a handsome man of military bearing was fastened on her face, all through the long service. But not one glance from her sapphire eyes, did they accord him, although he waited to watch her pass down the aisle, and his own eyes were like two magnets as they focused on her lovely face. On the succeeding Sunday morning and the next and the next, the same man of military bearing appeared in the same pew at St. George's, evidently bent on the same purpose, to gaze at and admire sweet mistress Mary Jane. And then tongues began to wag! Gossips began to nod, and watch and tell tales! and predict events! and through it all Mistress Mary Jane kept her childlike look of innocence, and failed to understand the whispers, and the

smiles and winks of Madame Grundy. Appealed to for her opinion of the handsome stranger (who so it was discovered, came riding down 10 miles from Brimstone Fort each Sunday to attend divine service) Mistress Mary Jane declared she had not sufficiently observed him to form an opinion, and forthwith she changed the topic of conversation to one, may be, less near her heart. But the next Sabbath, forsooth, was there not a bit more starch in the flowing ends of her widow's cap? And then one day there was great excitement at Lousach, the estate of Hon. Mr. Crook, President of St. Kitts, for a handsome young man in full dress uniform, came riding to the very door of the house and he dismounted, his sword clashing at his side, and tossed his reins to the groom: and, boldly as Lord Lochinvar who came from the West, he strode up the steps and raised the knocker and sent a reverberating echo through the big country house. Then his stalwart form disappeared within the opened door.

Once within, the military stranger, produced his card, and asked for Mistress Crook, and Mistress Crook who had seen his approach from the window of her room, read his name and went below to receive the "Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers," stationed at the Fort on Brimstone Hill, and to hear his manly statement, "Mad-

ame, I come to sue for the heart of your beautiful niece, Mistress Mary Jane. I have loved her since first I saw her face in your pew at St. George's Church!"

"But we do not know you sir—you have not been presented—Mistress Mary Jane is young."

"Far too young to remain a widow," aptly interposed the Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers. "As for myself, I can produce all required credentials; and proof of my ability to give your fair niece the care she deserves. At least let me speak with her in person before you send me from your door."

Then there was much hesitating and parleying, for Mistress Crook did not much approve of this unconventional way of wooing—tradition being stronger in her nature than romance. But at length the wooer won, alas his one brief victory, over convention; and Mistress Mary Jane, clothed demurely in black and with a freshly starched widow's cap flapping its long ends as she walked, came beautiful and blushing, to meet the Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers and to listen to his plea.

"I am ordered back to England" he said. "I must soon away. I would not go and leave you; I love you; it is as if I had always loved you. Believe me no man so loves twice in a lifetime; nor is any woman so loved twice. Be my wife

and go with me to England." But Mistress Mary Jane, frightened it may be by such vehemence, and quite too young despite her widowhood to understand so great a passion, played the coy and indifferent maid; and said neither yea nor nay.

Much I grieve not to end this pretty tale as it should end, with the beautiful widow becoming a beautiful bride, in the very church where she won the heart of the gallant Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers.

But tradition and custom, and conventionality together, perhaps, with a foolish little child-widow's lack of individuality, prevailed over sentiment; prevailed too, over a strong man's love and desire. The gallant Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers sailed away to England alone.

"Mary Jane" did not cease to be a widow until she was twenty-five.

She lives today not a thousand miles from New York; an old lady—who despite her second widowhood, perchance carries a secret regret in her heart that she sent the handsome Lieutenant back to England alone.

And so I went to St. George's church, and I fear I thought more of pretty Mistress Mary Jane and her military lover than I thought of the service of the Church of England.

ANTIGUA.

After three days in St. Kitts, we decided on taking a ship which would land us in Trinidad, and from there proceed by boat direct to New York. Antigua was our first port after leaving St. Kitts.

The Island of Antigua was one of the foremost to favor the emancipation of slaves.

It is a beautiful and fertile Island 188 miles square with 20,000 acres under cultivation. Sugar is its main source of income.

It does not possess the majesty of many of the West India Islands, having no mountains; but its roads are excellent for driving and wheeling, and many of its homes are attractive.

Entering the harbor, the City of St. John makes a pleasing picture for the eye. Directly in the foreground lies a beautiful little island, perhaps half a mile from the landing pier at St. John's. It is an abrupt eminence a few acres in circumference, all under a fine state of cultivation; and to the casual eye the buildings resemble a large country house with rambling wings.

This is, in truth, an old fort, situated on what is known as Rat Island; and it has been for years the home of the lepers of Antigua.

There were thirty inmates when we saw the Island; all black. They are cared for by the Government, and are given this comfortable Island with its agricultural occupations, and the best medical skill, to alleviate their miseries.

They look out on a world of beauty, in a climate incomparably delightful. They are certain of shelter, raiment and care as long as they live. But what sorrow and misery must be theirs nevertheless, knowing themselves doomed to lifelong imprisonment, and a slow dreadful death, upon this Island which deserves a more euphonious name. Nevertheless, instead of indulging in useless sympathy for these unfortunates, we should rejoice that science and skill and humanitarianism have so advanced, since Bible days, that such provision is made for the victims of this historic scourge.

Redonda Rock, also near Antigua, called for our special attention. It is a thousand feet high, and devoid of all verdure.

Yet two pretty young ladies on the ship which bore us from St. Thomas to St. Kitts, were en route to this barren rock. One was the daughter and one the niece of a Canadian man of affairs, who was engaged in exporting phosphate of aluminum from this rock. He was the only white man there, and the young ladies would be obliged to reach the eerie where he

made his so-called "home" by means of a large basket lowered and lifted by ropes. It was their intention to pass a whole month at, or rather on, Redonda; an experience out of the usual, if not interesting from any other point of view.

Anchoring quite two miles out in the harbor of St. John, we were met and carried ashore by a Government tug, a welcome change from the dirty row boats, rowed by dirtier natives, which usually swarmed about the ships in harbor, like flies about a sweetmeat.

Ofttimes the men owning these boats came to blows in their efforts to obtain the patronage of sight seers, and once I was nearly knocked off the ship ladder, in a rough sea, by two contending oarsmen, each declaring his boat had been engaged for my use.

One tried to prevent my descent into the rival boat, and the other tried to force me into his; and Himself, standing behind me on the shaky ladder, was in immediate danger of being precipitated into the sea by the fray. Fortunately peace was declared at that moment by the appearance of two more travelers who engaged one boat, and so saved the day: and also saved two passengers from a possible undesired bath. At Antigua we found a good hotel, The Globe, and enjoyed the first appetizing breakfast of weeks.

There too we found a fine assortment of beads to add to our collection made in many lands. In all the West Indian Islands, the natives string the seeds of plants and fruits, into charming rosaries and chains: and at Antigua there was a large variety and some fascinating strings of small shells and fish scales besides.

Haiti alone, of all the islands we visited, offered no such souvenirs to tourists.

We found an excellent library in St. Johns, where we spent several hours. One old volume contained much material for thought relative to slavery days in Antigua. It told of a certain plantation magnate who had his cook and his washwoman both chained to their labor, the chain reaching from kitchen and laundry to the house, and both chains attached to a weight of 56 lbs. This was to prevent the slaves from any attempt to escape into freedom. Here is a copy of a letter written from this island to a friend in England in the days of slavery:

ANTIGUA, Jan. 15, 1736.

“DEAR FRIEND:

“We are in a great deal of trouble in this island. The burning of negroes, hanging them up on gibbets alive, racking them upon the wheel, etc., takes up all our time; from the 20th of October to this day, there have been destroyed sixty-one

intelligent negroes, most of them carpenters, or tradesmen, coopers and masons.

"I am almost dead with watching and working, as are many more. They were going to destroy all the white inhabitants of the island. 'Count,' the king of the negroes, 'Tomboy,' his general, and 'Hercules,' his lieutenant general, who were all racked upon the wheel, died with obstinacy. Mr. Archibald Hamilton's 'Harry,' after he was condemned, stuck himself with a knife in eighteen different places, four of which were mortal. Colonel Martin's 'Jemmy,' who was hung up alive from noon till eleven o'clock at night, was then taken down to give information. Col. Morgan's 'Ned,' after he had been hung up seven days and seven nights, his hands grew too small for his hand-cuffs, he got them out and raised himself, and fell down from a gibbet fifteen feet high, he was revived with cordials and broths in hopes to bring him to confess, but he would not, and was hung up again, and in a day and a night expired. Mr. Yeaman's 'Quasby Coouali' jumped out of the fire half burnt, but was thrown in again, and Mr. Lyon's 'Five,' jumped out of the fire, and promised to confess all, but it took no effect. In short, our island is in a poor, miserable condition, and I wish I could get any employment in England to do."

In a Blackwood's Magazine of 1853, I found the following extract from a New York Herald of January 26, 1853:

"A bill has been reported in the Virginia House of Delegates which provides for the appointment of overseers, who are required to hire out at public auction, all free persons of color to the highest bidder, the amount to be paid into the State Treasury. This sum will be used to send all free people of color beyond the State Circuits.

"After five years, all free people of color remaining in the State will be sold into slavery to the highest bidder."

Despite the "problem of the colored race" to-day, it seems to have been a more serious problem in the days of slavery.

Antigua has always since its colonization been the Governmental headquarters of the Leeward Islands. These Islands are St. Kitts, Nevis, Barbada, Montserrat, Dominica, Antigua, and the Virgin Islands. Some 12 miles from St. John's there is a nook in a wooded glen, known as "Ding-dong-dell." A legend attaches itself to this spot.

In 1640, the wife of the Governor was abducted by the Caribs and taken to the mountains of Dominica. The Governor recovered his wife after some days, but in a brief period he lost his

mind, brooding over the thought of her possible fate while a prisoner: and one version of the legend has it that he built a lonely house in Ding-dong-dell and compelled his wife to live out her life in this solitary spot alone. Another states that the wife withdrew to this spot of her own wish. Nothing remains of the house now, nor of the "Dell" but a tangled wood; yet the story evidently sprung from some tragic occurrence connected with the days of continual tragedy in the West Indian Islands.

DOMENICA-MARTINIQUE.

Were I to give my impressions of Rosseau, the capital of Domenica, I should say simply that it was a hot, steaming mud hole, surrounded by miserable hovels, and entirely inhabited by barefooted negroes. Quite as accurate a description as that given by many a foreign tourist who makes a flying visit to America.

We spent two hours in Domenica, and they were all the hours of rain we saw between Jamaica and Trinidad. It was early morning, only negroes were in evidence, and the town looked bedraggled and forlorn. Meantime the streets were noticeably free from litter of all kinds, and the shops were neat and orderly.

We could not, however, imagine a civilized white person living in this town and when told that 300 whites and 8,000 colored people formed its population, we wondered where the white contingency made its abiding place.

A few hours later, our table companions from the "President," the corporation attorney from Denver, and the M. of P. from Manitoba, joined us on the "Dahomey" after a sojourn of several days in Rosseau.

Now imagine our surprise, when they related

this tale: Arriving in Rosseau at early candle light, they were directed to the home of Mrs. Gordon, as the desirable hostelry of the town. Entering the open door they found themselves in the presence of a goodly party of white people in full evening dress. Through a vista in an adjoining apartment was discerned a table artistically appointed ready for ten or twelve guests and sounds of music from some hidden recess fell upon ears, accustomed to the screams of boatmen and the shriek of steamboat whistles. Until a late hour at night they heard music and revelry, and the pleasant tones of cultured men and women in converse.

Added to this, they were provided with the luxuries of running water, a plunge and a shower bath, all the comforts of civilization, left behind in Jamaica. It was a matter of utter astonishment to learn that this little mud hole town of Rosseau possessed the best water system of any of the Leeward Islands. But the explanation was simple.

Domenica has the heaviest rain fall of all the West Indian Islands. Three hundred inches in one year is not unusual. Given that as a base of action, a few enterprising citizens supplied the brain and energy to provide Rosseau with water privileges. Domenica is a volcanic island, and its scenery,



DOMINICA.—STREET IN ROSEAU.

so declared our friends, is more magnificent and awe inspiring than the scenery of Jamaica. But to enjoy these spectacles provided by opulent nature, indolent man has made no such roadways as are found all over the beautiful Island of Jamaica. Indeed there are few wheeled vehicles in Domenica; all journeying is done on horseback or on foot.

Like Jamaica, the island is remarkably free from serpents and insects.

The white population of this lovely Island of Domenica hardly exceeds one per cent.

The Imperial Department of Agriculture has made the Botanical Gardens of Rosseau famous. Domenica was once owned by the French. The great battle between Rodney and De Grave, took place near Rosseau, in 1782. The French fleet was destroyed and since that time Domenica has belonged to the English.

It seems a misfortune that with the wonderful fertility and healthful climate, and superb scenery, that it cannot be made as attractive to white settlers as Jamaica.

MARTINIQUE

Our ship paused almost within voice call of the dead city of St. Pierre. This was an act of courtesy on the part of our captain, who changed the regular route to gratify the wish of his passengers to see the victim of Mt. Pelee's wrath. The top of Mt. Pelee was as usual hidden in a deep gray cloud. Yet even so it appeared unutterably sinister and forbidding to our sight; but what words can describe the impression made by that skeleton city where 40,000 people were destroyed in a few moments' time!

Until the catastrophe at Messina this was the most colossal disaster which had occurred through any cataclysm of nature since the flood.

St. Pierre before the eruption of Mt. Pelee, was the most unique island of the West Indies. It had retained the spirit of France to a curious degree; and its women had perpetuated the French characteristics with an added beauty and fascination peculiar to the Creole; while the African mixture was refined by the Latin inoculation.

On this island, Josephine, the Empress of France, was born; and it was on St. Pierre that Lafcadio Hearne lavished some of his most opulent words of praise.

In St. Pierre one found less of the colored element, and more of "color," to use an artistic term, than in any of the other West Indian cities.

Renowned for the beauty of its women, it is not uncharitable to believe that it was also renowned for its absence of high ideas of morality.

Morality, as we understand the word, and the Tropics are antagonistic terms in any part of the world. The equator is the girdle of Venus; and on her altars of pleasure, humanity is prone to offer up all its sterner principles. It may not be true that Martinique was the wickedest city in the world, as has been said; but since through all West Indian cities, licentiousness stalks naked and unashamed (as he who passes through their thoroughfares for even a day cannot fail to know), it is a probable supposition that Mt. Pelee buried more vice than virtue under its boiling tons of lava.

While not one home or house was spared, the white pedestal of the statue of the Virgin, stood unmolested and unscarred. It shines there today, just above and aside from the gray ghost of a town, the one structure small or large, sacred or profane, that has survived the holocaust.

To the purely scientific and philosophical

mind, it seems merely an odd accident of fate. For the superstitious mind, it carries a deeper significance.

More desolate and appalling than the ruins of old Rome, Pompeii, or the Herculaneum, this shadowy city of Martinique seemed to us, probably because its people were of our day and generation, and all the intimate details of its destruction were familiar to us.

Just such a fate may any day befall any of the cities, set at the base of volcanic mountains.

There are no extinct volcanoes.

There are only slumbering volcanoes.

When our ship reached Barbadoes, we were told it would remain in harbor the entire day. Passengers could go ashore and visit the town if they desired to do so, despite the fact that yellow fever prevailed to a slight degree on the island.

Having no fear of epidemics of any kind, and desiring some personal impressions of Barbadoes, I expressed a wish to join the party preparing to go ashore immediately after breakfast. But here Himself laid down the law, in his own gentle yet decisive manner.

"We do not set foot in Barbadoes," he said. "We run no foolish risk of an encounter with the yellow fever mosquito."

"But she is a lazy female insect, and never

stirs out till sun set," I said. "A resident of the Island has told me all about her. She sits around the whole day in a striped mother hubbard gown, and goes out just at nightfall to fill herself with blood. It is not an evil murderous instinct either, which prompts the poor thing! It is purely maternal affection. She cannot lay her eggs until she has fed on blood."

"Well, at the risk of being thought heartless and cruel to the mother mosquito and refusing her sustenance for her family, I must decline to go ashore or to let you go." Himself replied. Of course that settled the question. While I thought he was unnecessarily cautious, there could be no pleasure in going ashore unless the pleasure was mutual.

So we remained on the boat with several other cautious travelers, and received our impressions of Barbadoes from the more adventurous investigators who returned in mid-afternoon, with the usual interesting tales intended to make stay-at-homes ashamed and envious.

But when we landed in the harbor at Trinidad our day of triumph came. Only those who had not gone ashore at Barbadoes were absolved from medical inspection and allowed to land at once; and all those who had touched foot on the quarantined Island were obliged to deposit \$20 with the health officer as a guarantee that they

would report every day for 4 days at 9 A. M., at the harbor office in Trinidad to be examined for evidences of the fever.

So Himself was, as usual, right and, as usual, my reward came from obeying him, even though that word had been omitted from our marriage service.

TRINIDAD.

When nature indulged in one of her great cataclysms, and produced the West India Islands, she bestowed gracious attention upon the approach to Trinidad. Never any port offered a richer feast to beauty seeking eyes, than this entrance to the Bay of Paria presented on the morning of our passage through the Bocas. There are two of these passages, the two "mouths" of the Bay of Paria. Our ship entered by the Little Bocas, the most beautiful, but only safe in daylight, owing to its many hidden reefs. The little Bocas is a long corridor between majestic rocks, leading from the Caribbean Sea into the Bay of Paria. The view from the ship as it enters the Bay presents an embarrassment of riches. "Another Paradise," you think as the panorama of exquisite islands and alluring villas unfolds with the gleaming towers of the Port of Spain in the distance.

"What lofty residence is that set on a sea washed island in the foreground?" you ask, and the answer awakens you to the fact that you are not entering the Port of Paradise, but the harbor of sinning souls. The lofty residence, is the Convict Prison of Trinidad from which no es-

cape is possible, guarded as it is by schools of man-eating sharks, the police patrol of the Caribbean Sea. You breathe a little prayer, "Peace to all created things," and turn your eyes to fairer structures. On beautiful islands, out of the embrace of loving palms, smile restful bungalows. For a song you may possess one of these for a month, if you will—and learn the meaning of real idleness. Or you may pass them by, as we did and push on to the Port of Spain. After distracting you siren-like, with its beauty, the Bay of Paria gives you the most difficult landing in the world. Owing to shallow water, ships anchor two miles from the Port of Spain, and passengers, and baggage and cargoes are carried ashore in row boats. With a rough sea below and a broiling sun above, the picturesque phases of the situation are sometimes forgotten by travel worn wanderers. Not until the broad cool verandas of the Queens Park Hotel are reached, does nervous irritation with boatmen, and cabmen give way to nobler sentiments of appreciation of scenery and climate.

Never since we left our beloved Hotel Titchfield, at Port Antonio (joy and success attend it) had we found so much comfort and beauty combined, as here in the Queens Park Hotel at Trinidad.

Our rooms faced the North, with an imposing

mountain background. Between the mountains and hotel, lay the famed Savanna, a curious center, where fashion, cow pasturage, a race track for horses, a grand stand, a foot ball field, and a small cemetery, all play their part. Every afternoon from four to six, the smart people of Port-of-Spain's 60,000 inhabitants, drove about the Savanna, dressed in their best attire. Always the peaceful-eyed cows wandered over its ample precincts, and grazed upon its rich grass (at one shilling a head per month, to the benefit of the City Treasury). On certain days great races filled the grandstand with the lovers of that sport, and on the Saturday afternoon following our arrival a football contest between the Protestant and Roman Catholic teams, made the Savanna a scene of such noisy festivity that wads of cotton were necessary to save ear drums from injury. I have heard the cheers of twenty-thousand people at great Yale-Harvard games at Yale Field, New Haven, but never such a din and furor of noise as cannonaded the air on the Savanna at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Trinidad is only 10 degrees from the Equator, and consequently we expected a climate of torrid temperature. Hot it is—broiling hot away from the ever blowing mountain winds, but so cool and refreshing in this breeze, that one who goes to Trinidad in search of winter comfort

may always expect to find it, if he will keep out of the noon-day sun and in the current of air, which cools the heated blood, but never gives colds. And always are the nights beautiful with conditions for sleep. The temperature ranges from 75 to 88 in the winter season. Dearly as I love Jamaica, I can understand how one who sought distraction as well as summer climate might find a winter in Trinidad more interesting than a winter in Jamaica. No other city in the West Indies can compete with the Port of Spain as a city of entertainment. It is cosmopolitan in its variety of nationalities, and one hears French, Spanish and English all spoken in the streets and cafes. I have referred in another chapter to that intangible something we call "charm," which hangs about the Hawaiian Islands; a charm which increases the further one goes toward the Orient, I am told. A charm which lends a halo to poverty and even misery and dirt, in Southern France and Italy, and Sicily, and which encircled the strange and uncivilized town of Tangier like a cloud of incense. The charm is not found in Germany; it is not found in America, England or Holland; and it never exists where the African race is dominant. The East Indian coolie contingency, despite its low caste characteristics lends a touch of it to Jamaica. A still larger and more



TRINIDAD.—COOLIE WOMAN AT DOOR OF HER HOUSE.



TRINIDAD.—EGRETS IN THE GARDEN OF QUEENS PARK HOTEL.

prosperous population of these people gives a picturesque individuality to the streets of Trinidad. One day I saw a sketch for a color artist on the main shopping thoroughfare of Port of Spain. A Coolie woman, slender and erect, passed by, her graceful shawl drapery of pure white, fringed with gold hanging diagonally from her pretty head to below the left knee. She wore a thin gold hoop in her classic nose—the engagement ring of the Coolies—and in her left nostril shone a jewel set in dull gold—the marriage seal. Crossing her path, came a colossal Juno in ebony: a black woman clothed in a gown of screaming scarlet over which were scattered white polka dots the size of a nickel. A bright green bandana turban, and a saffron yellow neckerchief completed the costume which was far more effective and even artistic, than those hideous cheap suits sold at every bargain counter in America. Just beyond walked a Coolie man all in white, his greyhound legs showing bare and graceful below his short trouser trunks. Black women balancing heavy baskets on their heads were everywhere. And further on just boarding a car was a girl, beautiful as a dream of old Castile, exquisite in face and form, clothed in dainty mull and lace, but with the blood of some slave ancestor staining her beauty to unwashable brown. Of this

tragedy of mixed blood in the West Indies and all it entails, only those who visit the islands can conceive. Out of the 60,000 inhabitants of Port of Spain, a scant 1,000 absolutely devoid of African ancestry can be found, and far happier is he or she whose unmistakable type lends no chance for denial, than one whose modified features and paler color, leads him to the hopeless and never-ending effort at emulating what he is not and never can be, an Anglo-Saxon. It is not considered good form to talk of "color" in Trinidad, and those residents who speak frequent disparagements of the black race often hide a turned down leaf in running over their ancestral books—a leaf which does not bear close inspection. Alas and alas, that even unto the third and fourth generation descends the sin of the white man who took his black slave to concubinage. Trinidad is an island of vast resources. Its wonderful Pitch Lake yields 800 tons a day of this valuable road-making ingredient; and its cocoa plantations are among the greatest and most fertile in the world.

The great need of Trinidad is a good mountain hotel, such as Jamaica supplies at Moneague and Mandeville. Properly built, properly constructed and made accessible by a good road, and a motor car service, a mountain hotel would prove a paying investment the year around at Trini-

dad. In the winter it would be patronized by tourists, in the summer by its many wealthy residents. Then indeed Trinidad would become a well equipped rival of Jamaica as a winter resort for Americans. Trinidad has never suffered from earthquake or hurricane; its one misfortune lies in not having rendered itself immune from the scourge of yellow fever, which at intervals makes its dreaded visitation upon the island.

May the spirit of our ever lamented Col. Warren, the Colossus of Hygiene, inspire some great man to rise and cleanse all the West Indies from this danger, as he himself cleansed Havana before he passed on to the realms of eternal purity and beauty.

THE BIRDS OF TRINIDAD.

"QU'EST-CE-QU'IL-DIT?"

Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit, Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit,
Listening there as we talk together,
Bold eavesdropper in yonder tree,
Never abashed by the hottest weather,
How do you happen to make so free,
With each newcomer, Sir "Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit"?

Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit, Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit,
Strutting about in your vest of yellow,
Why do you ask what he said to me,
Why should I tell you, impertinent fellow?
Two is a company, can't you see—
And three is a multitude, "Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit."

All my life birds have been closely associated with dear experiences and memories. There was a meadow lark and a bobolink and a thrush who played each his important role in my early life on a Wisconsin prairie, and to hear those birds today is to renew the lost emotions of early youth, its imagined sorrows, its imagined joys, its real hopes, dreams and ambitions. There was a first listening to the Southern

mocking bird—under peculiar circumstances in a romantic environment, and always that environment, and those circumstances exist again when the mocking bird sings.

The Ting-a-ling bird must ever mean the little English inn on the summit of Mount Diabolo, at Meneague, Jamaica, and the “boom-boom” of a native bird at dawn in the mountains of Hawaii is part and parcel of my memories of an adorable Winter in the bungalow in Honolulu. So now, blending into the recollections of fair torrid days of rest, at the end of a long month of wanderings, is the sweet, impertinent voice of the “*Qu’est-ce-qu’il-dit*” bird of Trinidad. I had heard of this bird, wearing a brown coat and a yellow vest, and flying from tree to tree with his ever repeated question, “What does he say?”—uttered in three distinct French syllables, and I had wondered if it was the vivid imagination of some French tourist who first gave this interpretation of the bird’s note.

But I had not been an hour in my room at the Queens Park Hotel when, just as Himself had completed a remark to me, I heard the question of this bit of feathered curiosity, tossed down from a branch of a tall tree.

“*Qu’est-ce-qu’il-dit? Qu’est-ce-qu’il-dit?*” pausing just a brief second after each inquiry as

if waiting for an answer. Much quarreling and wrangling and disputing I heard in that same tree afterward among the birds; and did not doubt that many exclusive and reserved members of feathered society were indignant at the intrusive curiosity of "Qu'est-ce-qu'il-dit."

Glancing down from a south window on a little garden between two wings of the Queens Park Hotel, I one day spied what looked like caricatures of fowls done in pottery. There were seven of these images, all snow white, each standing in a different posture, like the storks on a Japanese frieze or jar. Confident they were china fowls, and wondering at this peculiar idea of garden decoration. I suddenly started in surprise when first one and then another of the china bird "images" moved.

They were all living "Egrets," or white herons.

The nearer I approached the more unreal these birds seemed; less like china, but more like phantoms. Never have I seen any other living thing so ethereal and ghostlike as these fowls. Their necks were little larger than pipe-stems! Their legs resembled knitting needles, and their alabaster bodies looked more fragile than the leaf of a calla lily. Their almost colorless and unwinking eyes added still greater unreality to the general effect. Yet were they

beautiful beyond description, with that beauty which lies oftentimes in the grotesque and unusual. These fowls were in perfect health and were two years old. They had been secured from nests in the marshes of Trinidad where they breed, and had grown and thrived on their natural food of raw fish and raw meat; a most astonishing diet for such ephemeral looking creatures.

In Trinidad where these birds are most numerous, no suffering is connected with the process of securing the delicate feather, known as the Aigrette.

The taking of the aigrette from under the birds' wings is no more painful than the plucking of the ostrich plume or the elimination of a hair from the human head. Unless the aigrette is pulled by man, it turns black and is removed by the bird herself. The fishermen who secure these aigrettes for merchants do so in a manner so adroit that the bird never knows what has happened until it is over.

The men wade into the marshes to their arm-pits; they place a large tropic leaf the size of a parasol over their heads. On this leaf is scattered raw meat or fish to attract the birds, and as soon as they alight the fisherman reaches through the leaf, grasps their legs, quickly pulls out the aigrettes and lets the birds go.

The killing of birds to secure their plumage

for hats is an abomination and a shame to all womankind in the eyes of the Creator. Unfortunately in other parts of the West Indies this slaughter goes on in the interests of fashion: and the aigrette which decorates the beauty means suffering and death to our feathered kin, in nine instances out of ten.

The owner of the white heron told me an amusing story of the vanity of these ethereal creatures.

"If you place a large mirror before them," he said, "they will all congregate and stand the entire day taking different poses, and evidently admiring themselves." I saw several of them during my stay at the hotel poised on the edge of a large basin of water gazing into its surface where their delicate and grotesque beauty was reflected.

Himself solved to his own satisfaction the phantom quality of these birds.

"I think," he said, "they are the souls of black women whose whole lives were one impassioned plea to the Creator to be white. So they have come back to the land where they toiled and suffered—white, idle and happy in being allowed to contemplate their snowy reflections."

Who knows?



TRINIDAD.—THE PRISON ISLAND IN HARBOR.

CARIBBEAN TRAGEDIES.

The Caribbean Sea, and the West India Islands have been scenes of innumerable dramas and tragedies. The buccaneer, the pirate and the slave owner who were actors in these scenes, no longer exist.

All those dramas of land and sea are in the far past. With the exception of the "Black Republic" there is no bloodshed, no slaughter of human beings, no pirating and buccaneering, or looting of towns, taking place on the shores of the Caribbean Seas.

But there is a silent tragedy continually being enacted on every one of the West Indian Islands; a tragedy which must continue to be enacted for hundreds of years to come and must affect thousands and tens of thousands of unborn souls.

I refer to the tragedy of mixed blood. When the Spanish race brought over the first African slaves, in 1509, miscegenation, the greatest evil which ever befel the black or white race, took root in the West Indies. With it began the deterioration of the African race, and with it began such a series of calamities and sorrows for the world, as only a series of volumes could contain if related.

It is a curious fact that the one race in the world which universally strives to conceal and deny itself when mixed with other bloods, is the African. All over America, may be found proud families who boast of some Indian forebears. To descend from Pocahontas is thought to be a distinction. So great a distinction that pretense often lays claim to what veracity could not prove, if the family tree were climbed for evidence. The Chinese, the Japanese, the Polynesian—all pride themselves upon their blood. A beautiful woman in Paris when asked of her nationality, tells with evident pleasure that her mother was half Polynesian, half Chinese, and that through her American father the characteristics of three nationalities belong to her.

But never has any instance been known where concealment was in any degree possible, or where the question was open to the least doubt, that one with African blood boasted of the fact.

It is difficult to understand why this should be so. The Indian tribes in the West Indies—the Carib's especially—were savage cannibals, quite as barbarous as any of the Africans. They boiled their enemies, ate their flesh, and saved the fat to annoint their children and they held women in low esteem, making them little more than beasts of burden. Yet any man or woman in the West Indies who possesses a few drops of

Carib blood hastens to inform you of the fact; and any man or woman in whose veins runs a dilution of negro blood, would rather die than own to it, if denial will lead to possible belief on the listener's part.

In the effort at concealment continually being made in the West Indies by people descended from a mulatto, or an octoroon, or a still more remote type, lies the tragedy of the age. Even among the mulattoes who show all the African characteristics, this ceaseless effort goes on. Woolly locks are parted and pulled into pitiful bunches and fastened with combs and hidden by knots of ribbon, and brown faces are powdered, and black hands concealed under white gloves, all bespeaking the heartaching and breaking passion of the poor woman to make herself what she can never be.

The pride of any woman of African descent, in straight hair, causes her to display such locks to their utmost, and on every possible occasion. Women may be seen in public places with loosely falling hair, or with only a ribbon tied about the unbraided mass. Often their favorite diversion is to sit at an open window, brushing and combing these unkinked locks, so happy in their possession that African features, and a mahogany skin are for the time forgotten.

The white man's sin is everywhere evident in the West Indies; and where it is not evident, it often lurks, a greater menace to happiness than when unconcealed.

In one of the West Indian schools, among 500 children of varied hues (all colored) a boy of ten was noticeable for the pale yellow of his hair, the startling whiteness of his skin, and the blue of his eyes. Inquiry proved, however, that he came from African stock. Well educated and placed in western circles, he might easily at the age of 25, pass as a white man.

Regarded from any standpoint the life of such a boy is full of the elements of tragedy. If he associates with people of color, he will be regarded as a white man out of his proper sphere and if he conceals his lineage and marries a white woman, another of these sorrowful dramas will be enacted which are constantly occurring in the West Indies. While I was there one of the American Consuls received a letter from the States regarding the family of a young lady visiting in the North. The girl is beautiful, a slender brunette, and highly accomplished. Her family has money and position. While the letter gave no reason for the inquiry, the Consul understood that the young woman had interested some son of a Northern mother

who felt impelled to investigate the girl's lineage.

"Of course I declined to mix in such a purely personal matter," the Consul said. "In my position it would be wholly out of place, yet, while I could have said only the most complimentary things of this young girl and her immediate family, I would have been obliged, if forced to tell the truth, to say that her father's ancestry led into the domain of color. His grandfather, a red haired Scotchman, took a handsome mulatto slave for a mistress. One son she bore him was light colored and very bright and the Scotchman (who was married and the father of several girls) adopted his octoroon son and raised him with every advantage. This octoroon was the grandfather of the young girl now residing in the States."

"But there would really be no danger in a union with such a remote descendant of the race," I said, "surely the blood becomes so diluted that none of its unpleasant characteristics would be liable to appear."

"So I thought," the Consul replied, "until I came here to live. But I have been a personal witness to several proofs to the contrary. For instance, one English girl met and married the son of a wealthy West Indian planter, during the first year of my Consulship. The father

of the young man was born in England and had married on the Island. The son was sent to England and educated. After his marriage he settled here. One year later a blonde baby was born to them; The image of its mother. But in two years time an undeniable negro boy appeared, dark skinned, flat nosed and kinky haired. The young father himself had been kept in ignorance of his mother's mulatto ancestry."

Of course these cases are exceptional. Where one child "throws back" to use a stock breeding term, and reveals the African traits, a score are born where the blood has become diluted and the negro has become extinct in the race.

I have no doubt that in hundreds of proud families in the Southern States today, and indeed in families scattered all over America, there runs a vein of negro blood, all unknown to them.

But so long as the negro himself wants to change his color, so long as the mulatto and the quadroon and the octoroon seek to obliterate all evidences of their African origin, this subject of mixed bloods will make sorrow in the West Indies.

Born of great volcanic labor pains of Mother Earth, passionate creations of some violent force in nature, these beautiful Islands

seem themselves like gorgeous Octoroons, destined to tragic experiences. Earthquakes, hurricanes, tidal waves, eruptions and revolutions in rotation periodically disturb their brief seasons of repose. Never do they know real peace, real calm, absolute safety, and continual prosperity.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE

The beauty and restfulness of the Queens Park Hotel, and the charm of Trinidad, tempted us to linger until every vestige of Winter's reign departed from New York.

But after ten weeks of travel in tropical climate (and with the recollection of two boats where life had not been a dream of comfort), a desirable ship for our home going was the first consideration.

And so it resulted that we set sail one hot, Hot March morning, for the eight days voyage to New York, on board the Surinam, a Holland American boat, that proved to be the perfection of cleanliness and comfort.

There were but eight passengers, and only one woman beside myself. She never appeared at the meal hour, being in deep sorrow over the death of a relative; so again I found myself hostess at the ship's table; the handsome officers and six men passengers, composing our dinner party each evening.

The voyage was not marked by that same spirit of comradeship, however, which makes the memory of the cruise on "The President" so lasting. Possibly the men were less interesting,

and possibly the fact that we were all sailing back to chill Northern weather, and into cold Atlantic waters, instead of forth to summer lands, in sunny seas, explains the difference. Our holiday experiences were behind, instead of before us; we were all bent upon individual purposes, instead of united in one idea of relaxation and pleasure, as when bound for the West Indian shores.

Then too, with the excitement of the winter's cruise over, I began to realize its hardships, and the depleting effects of so much physical exertion in a tropical climate. I was conscious of being very tired.

With every expectation of happy reunions and joyous hours ahead of me, I yet felt a peculiar and unaccustomed depression of spirits as we neared New York.

To amuse myself I tried a little card trick, asking whether good luck and good cheer awaited me on shore, and invariably the answer came in the negative.

A few hours after our arrival we learned of the illness of a near and dear friend, one whose lovely face was the last to smile farewell to us from the dock, as we had set forth on the Tagus in early January.

A few weeks after our arrival in New York, she too sailed out suddenly, at early dawn to the

Port of all Souls. Alone and with no voice to bid her bon voyage, and with no hand to wave her farewell, she went upon her long journey, leaving inexpressible sorrow in the hearts of those who loved her. And they were many.

TO ONE WHO WENT AWAY.

Martha, the world seems smaller, since you went
And there are lonesome places everywhere;
Though Spring walks with us, and the earth is
fair.

Accustomed tasks bring not their old content:
Life wears her robe as one who hides a rent,
And Pleasure smiles as one who masks despair.
Yet, since your going, something new and rare,
With all the elements of Space is blent.

There is a friendlier feeling, in the far
Unmeasured distances that lie above,
And round about the earth. Each radiant star
Seems like a center of responding love.
The Silences have grown more eloquent,
Since in the stillness of the Dawn, you went.

THE END.



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